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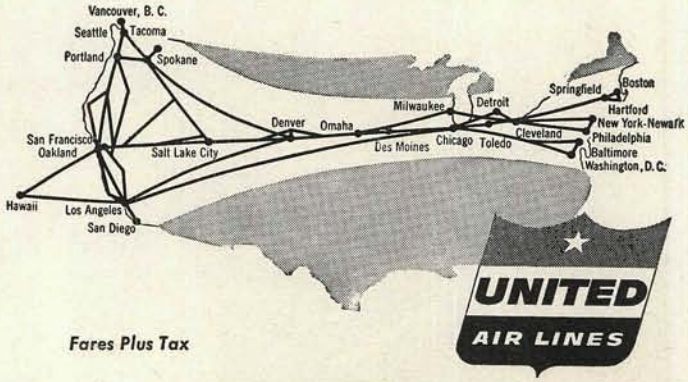

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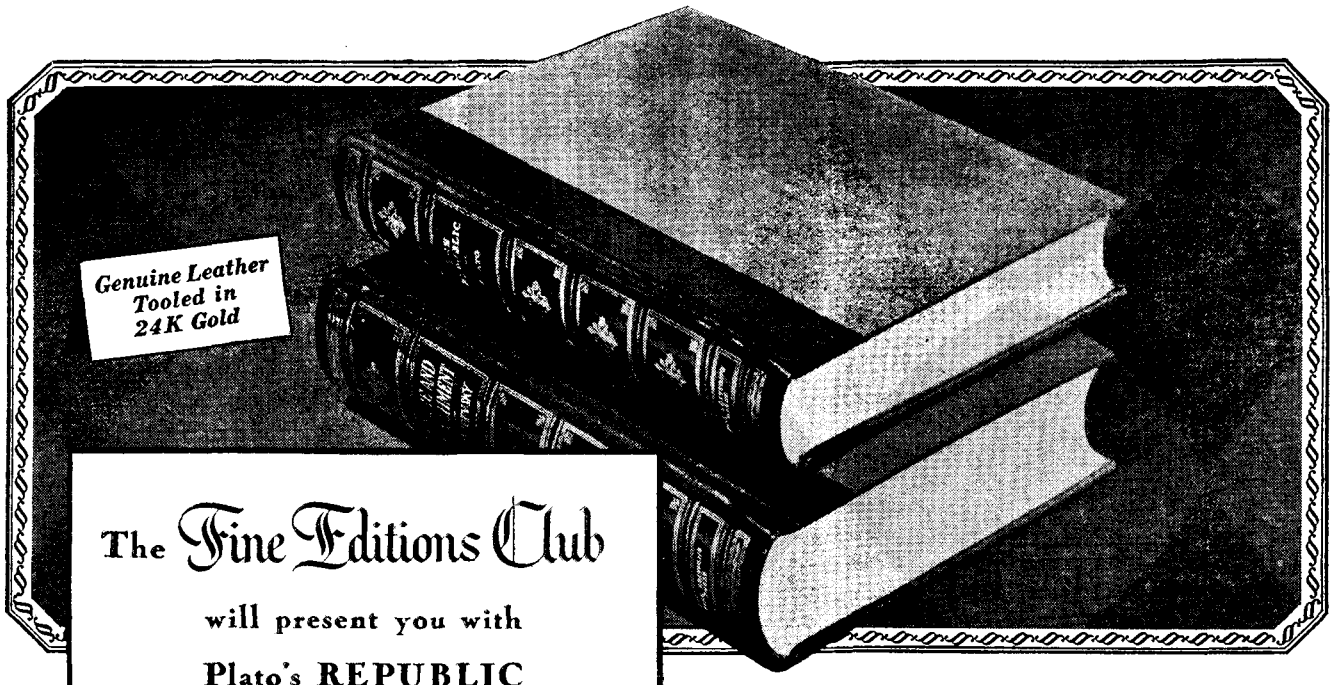

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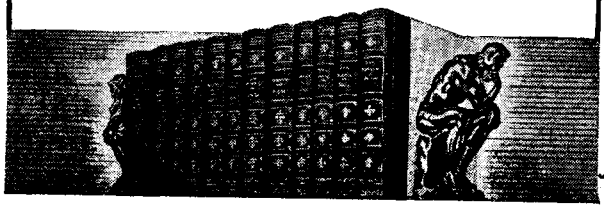

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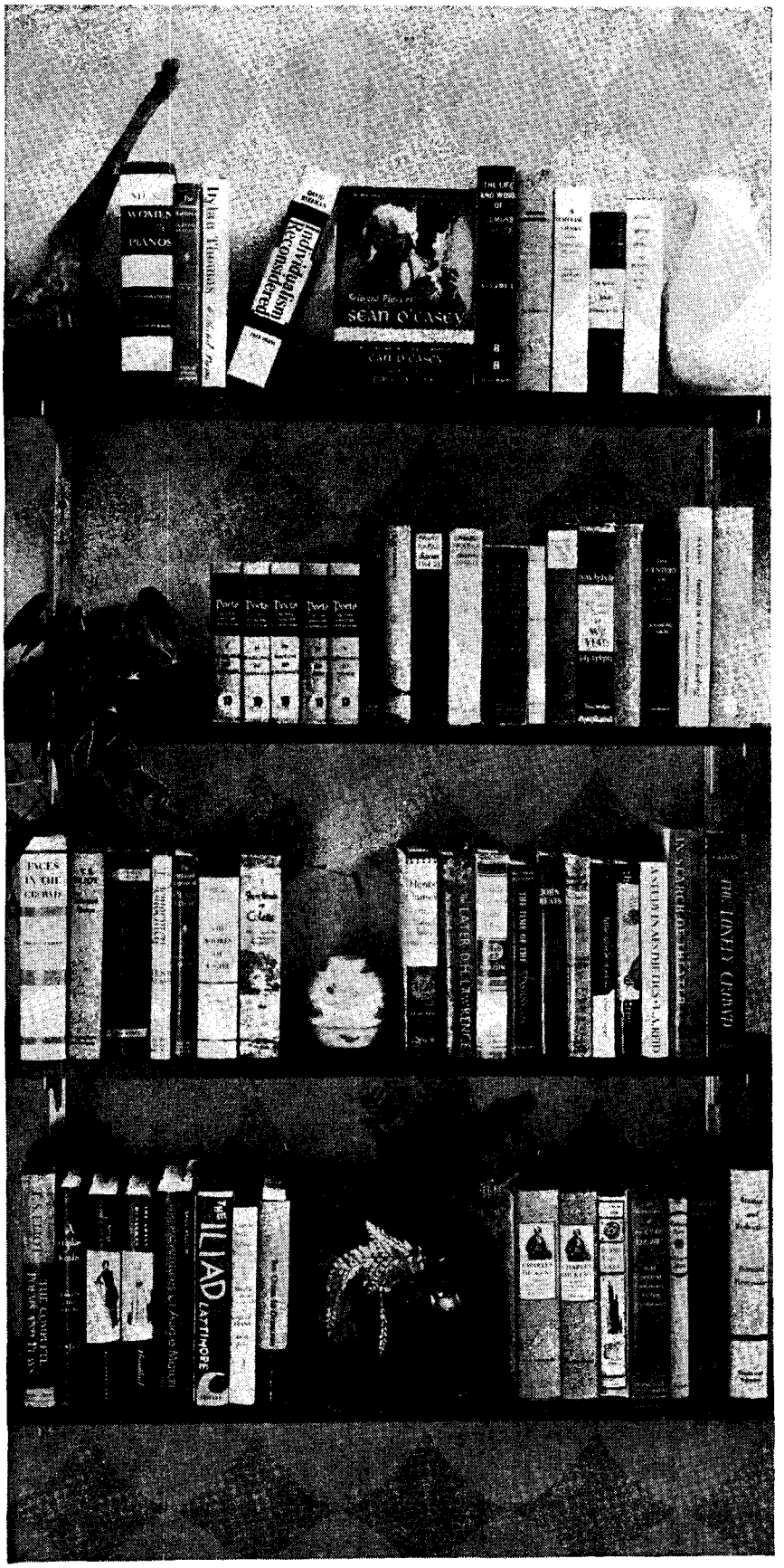

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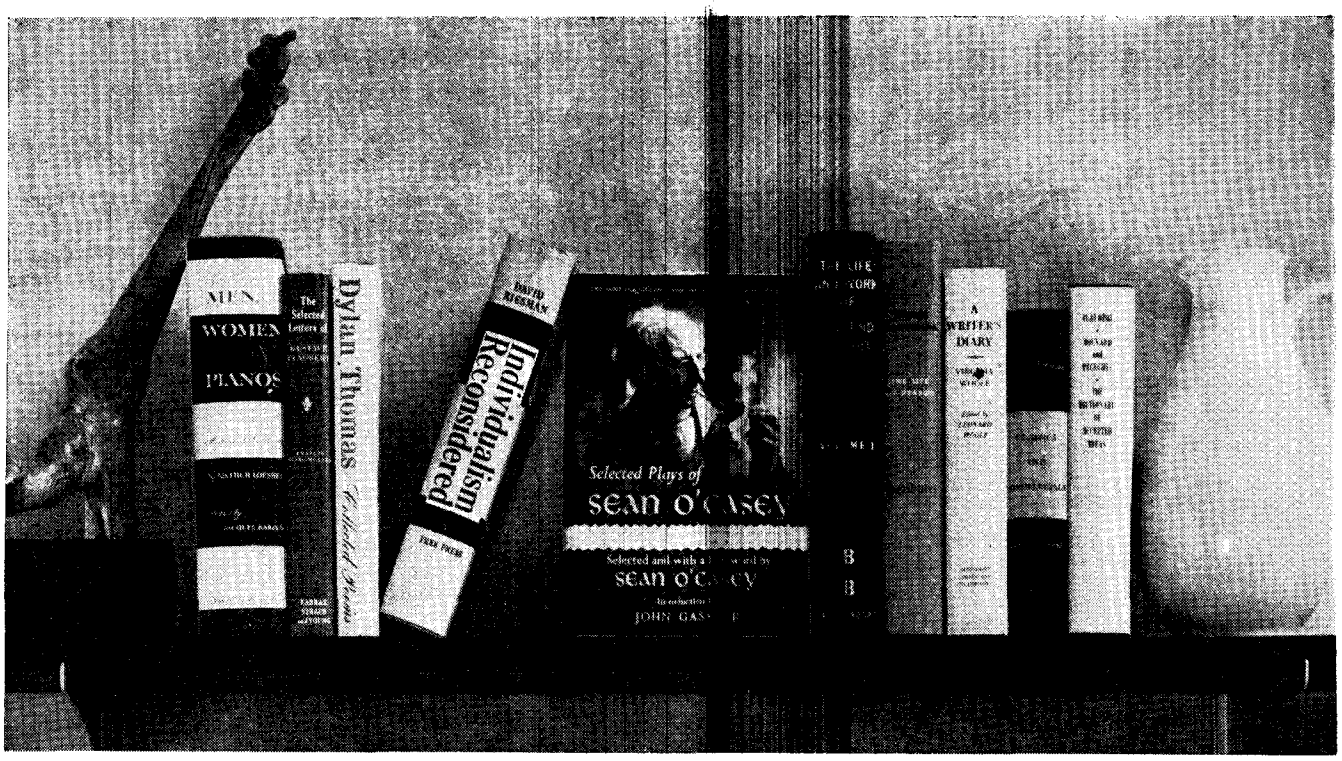

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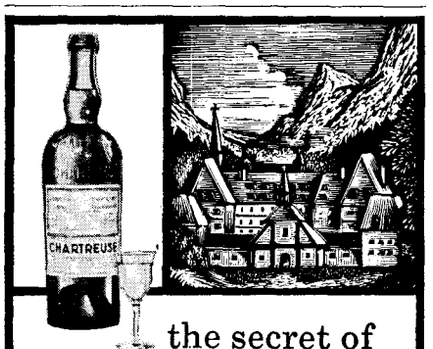

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TRADE Winds

BABES IN THE HOLLYWOODS

I'D SAY THAT I'VE seen two thousand movies in my day, give or take a hundred in either direction. Of these, possibly half a dozen hit me with such an impact that I'll remember them for the rest of my life. "Gone With the Wind," "Wuthering Heights," "The Best Years of Our Lives," "Top Hat," and "An American in Paris" certainly belong in that category—and now comes another, just about the most exciting of all: the new musical version of "A Star Is Born." There is

not one false note in Moss Hart's superb, cliché-less script or George Cukor's inspired direction, and Judy Garland is sheer perfection, with notable assists by James Mason and Jack Carson. The final fade-out breaks the audience into little pieces; in fact, somebody called this an "eight-Kleenex picture." Here are three hours of magic—and don't you miss them!

THE ONLY THING that keeps "On the Waterfront" out of the same class as "A Star Is Born" is a contrived and unconvincing ending. For nine-tenths of the way this is another triumph for everybody concerned in its making. The questionable ending, incidentally, is being scrapped entirely by author Budd Schulberg in his novelization of the story, due in late spring 1955. . . . There is one other major film treat on its way to you: Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," made in Italy with such loving attention to detail that even the preposterous climax in the tomb of the Capulets becomes almost credible. The balcony scene is magnificently played.

"THE BAREFOOT CONTESSA" is another picture far above the average run, but after a brave start author-director Joe Mankiewicz goes off the beam when he suddenly shifts the focus to a doomed Italian count who is supposed to be the epitome of charm and old-world sophistication but emerges as a man with a lamentably bad sense of timing and sportsmanship. Humphrey Bogart gives a great performance, and the beautiful Ava Gardner insures a box-office bonanza, but in my book her wild gypsy dance is about as abandoned as Ed Sullivan before a TV camera.

Mankiewicz is at his most brilliant when he is tearing apart a reasonable facsimile of an actual Hollywood tycoon who is certainly one of the most cordially detested figures in American life today. (Fleming MacLiesh drew a bead on the same victim last year in a fine novel called "The Eye of the Kite" that never got anything like its just due.) Mankiewicz also makes mincemeat of the phony "international-society set." I have no first-hand knowledge of how these dreary bores spend their time on the Riviera (I'm counting upon Elsa Maxwell's "R.S.V.P." to bring me au courant), but in New York, at least, they seem to turn up at a fancy-dress "charity" ball every night, reeling under the weight of the same outlandish costumes for the same unattractive layout of photographs on the same page of the same evening newspaper. Does anybody look at them any longer? Do they even look at each other?

ONE OF THE MOST PUZZLING idiosyncrasies of the Hollywood bigwigs is to pay a fabulous price for an outstanding novel or Broadway hit and then insist upon radical changes in the story line for screening purposes. In "Brigadoon," for instance, M-G-M left out two of the most conspicuously successful numbers from the stage

original. "Sabrina" is another case in point (even the name was changed!) The saltiest, most refreshing characters in the play were the crusty father, who loved attending funerals but hated the twentieth century, and the chauffeur, who made more money playing the market than all of his employers. In the picture version they are watered down into stock, cardboard figures. In fact, one wonders

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My name is David Bruce Alexander Caithris. I was born in the Highlands of Scotland on the Feast of the Three Kings, in the year 1742.

My father supported the Stuart cause, as his father had afore him, and when on Culloden Moor he saw Charlie defeated, he took my mother and me and fled to France, not to save his neck but to plot another uprising for his Prince.

When first we came to France there were brave hopes . . . but the hopes turned to dust in the land where our cause had died.

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Hatchet in the Sky
by MARGARET COOPER GAY
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why Paramount bothered to buy this play in the first place. The very slickly directed, run-of-the-mill Cinderella story they finally released could have been whipped together by any one of a half-dozen top writers under contract on the lot. This doesn't mean, however, that there aren't plenty of laughs in "Sabrina," particularly in the first half, and the mere presence of Audrey Hepburn is sufficient guarantee of more than average enjoyment without any story at all. Incidentally, Bogart pops up in this one, too—and gives his usual distinguished performance.

CHANCES ARE YOU never heard of the late Barney Dean—unless you're a real insider in Hollywood, or have listened to Bing Crosby or Bob Hope swapping stories about him. Yet his death a few weeks ago caused genuine sorrow throughout the film colony. He was not only a natural comic, with a genius for coming up with exactly the right remark for a given situation—but a man with rare loyalty and generous spirit.

Barney first walked into Bing and Bob's dressing room with a line of Christmas cards to sell when everybody was stuck for a tag-line in a big scene for "The Road to Singapore." Without seeming effort Barney produced the line everybody had been searching for. He was hired on the spot. He left the studio still jingling the last forty cents he had in the world—but with a job destined to last the remaining fifteen years of his life and an open sesame to the elite society of Hollywood. Hours later he remembered that he never even had shown his Christmas cards.

BARNEY DEAN NEVER used a typewriter. He couldn't even remember people's names. Royalty meant no more to him than the lowest grip on a movie set. One day Hope told him, "If you hurry, Barney, you can meet the King and Queen of Greece. They're just leaving the music department." "What do I need with them now?" scoffed Barney. "Where were they last night when I needed them for a full house?" Later Barney was crossing Hollywood Boulevard at Vine against a traffic light. The policeman at the corner blew his whistle and hollered, "Hey, there, you!" Barney, all innocence, asked, "How fast was I going, Officer?"

Bing Crosby took Dean with him once when he visited the sumptuous estate of a member of the Rockefeller clan. Barney kept silent while their car threaded through the miles of private roads leading to the manor house, but refused to get out when the butler opened the car door for them. "What's the matter?" asked

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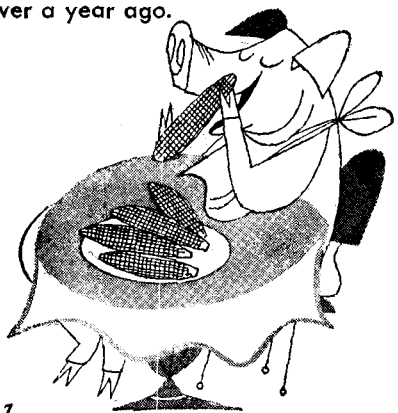
why PORK prices are LOWER now

Lower prices this fall are the result of much more plentiful supply—which is the result of a chain of events that started over a year ago.

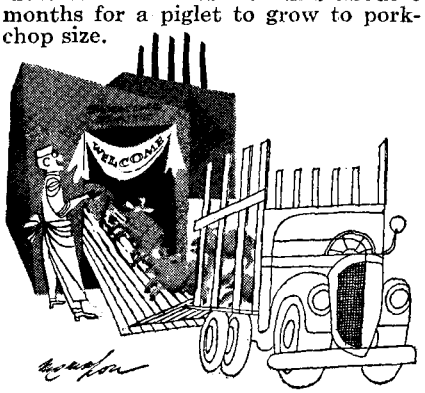


1. It takes corn to make pork. But the last time there was a bumper pig crop, hog prices came way down while corn prices stayed up. As a result, many farmers decided that it wouldn't pay to turn as much corn into pork the next year, and pork production dropped 20%.

2. Then last winter, when pork supplies were low (we'd eaten ourselves nearly out of it), demand stayed high. So prices started going up—up—up!

3. But the higher prices showed, though, that people wanted—and were able to buy—a lot more pork than they'd been getting.

4. So growers decided to boost their hog production. Last spring they started 56 million pigs eating their way to market. (6½ million more than the year before.) Meanwhile, pork got even more scarce because it takes about 6 months for a piglet to grow to pork-chop size.



5. These spring-crop porkers started coming to market early this fall. They'll keep coming, in plentiful numbers, for the next few months. By the time they're all brought to market, another pig crop, *started* this fall, will be ready to sell.

6. When we start getting more of any kind of meat than there has been, and demand remains about the same, prices just naturally come down. That's happening now on pork. And when consumers help themselves to the values that go with these larger seasonal supplies, we help to give livestock men the assurances *they need* to grow meat *we'll need* later on.

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Crosby. "Overwhelmed by the grandeur?" "It isn't that," explained Barney. "I forgot to bring my library card." After dinner Barney was visibly

impressed by the huge indoor swimming pool and tennis court. When a fellow-guest inquired, "Have you any idea where Mrs. Stotesbury might be?" Barney replied solemnly, "I think she's upstairs playing polo."

IT WAS BARNEY DEAN'S IDEA that Crosby and Hope each should appear—never identified, and for just a brief moment—in the other's pictures—a device that provoked an unfailing roar of laughter from audiences who came to look for it—and, in the words of a Paramount official, alone earned Dean every penny they paid him. But it wasn't only his fertile imagination and knack for coming up with just the right fade-out that endeared him so to his friends. Crosby and Hope—and Frank Sinatra, too—came to feel that things couldn't go right with a picture unless he was on the set.

Nobody realized how sick Barney was when they took him to the hospital for the last time. Just a day before he died he called a friend to tell him about the wonderful service he was getting, and the beautiful nurse who massaged his back. "Listen, Monte," he concluded, "if you can afford it, for God's sake, get sick!"

THERE'S JUST ONE MORE ITEM I have to pass on about Hollywood at this time, and John L. Aycock is my informant. There's a hush-hush project afoot to make a big doctor picture before they can get around to "Not As a Stranger," and the thing the quickie producer is counting on most heavily is the title they've dreamed up for it. They're calling it "The Nova-Caine Mutiny."

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1073)

C. BOWLES:
AMBASSADOR'S REPORT

Even if there were not a Communist in Asia, even if Karl Marx had never been born, our need for a positive, effective, Asian policy would still be with us. The tidal forces released on that continent must find channels of peaceful, orderly, development.

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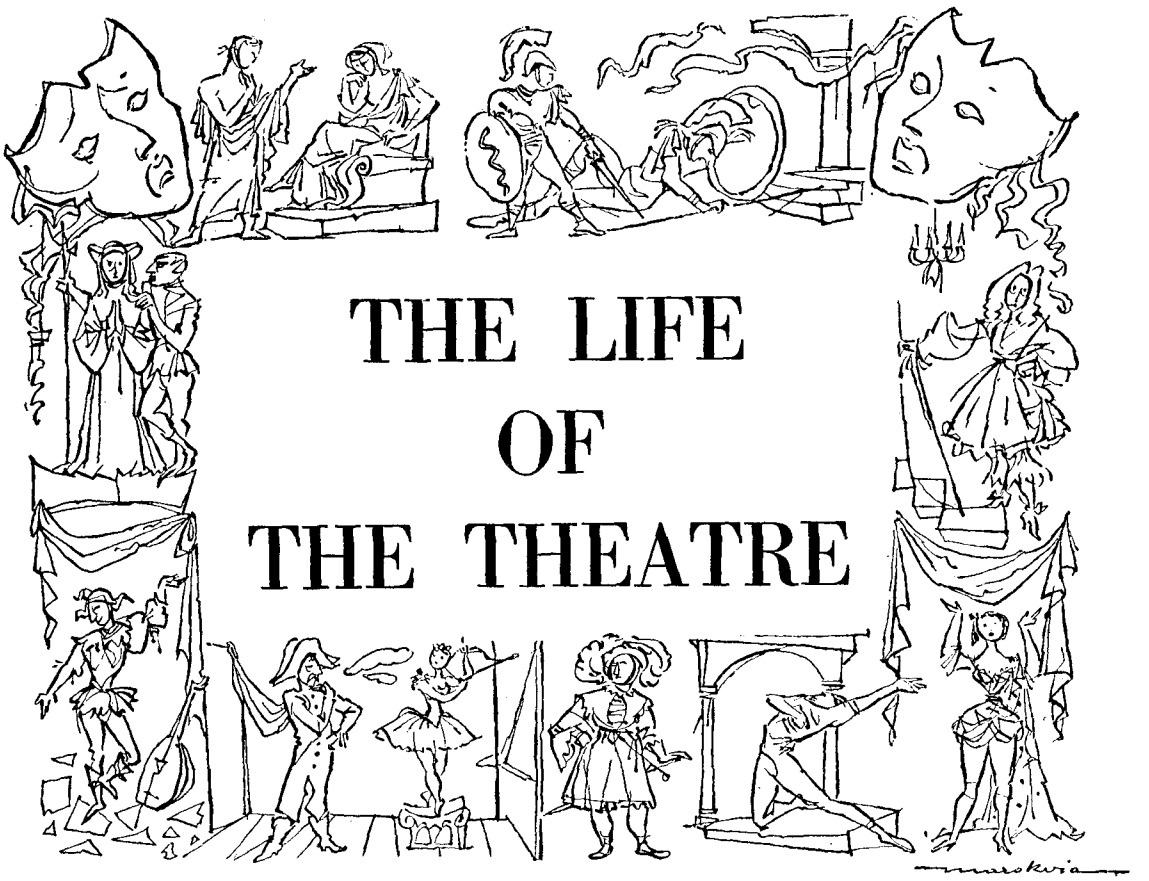
The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 23, 1954



THE LIFE OF THE THEATRE

By MARC CONNELLY

In addition to being a Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright ("The Green Pastures") Mr. Connelly has served his muse as president of the Authors' League of America, president of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and member of the executive committee of the United States National Commission for UNESCO. Here he ridicules the attempts of tyrants—modern and ancient—to enslave the theatre for their own purposes; the theatre will survive them all, he states.

ON THE pavement near the theatre a man and a woman are noisily quarreling. You and I and all the others within earshot have never seen the man and woman before. During their brief hold on our interest we are perhaps amused by the absurdity of their conduct, perhaps distressed at their embarrassment on finding themselves conspicuous. We present our tickets and enter the theatre. We look around at the strangers who are about to share the theatre, or glance at the names and credits on the program. The lady with me or the lady with you points out that her favorite scenic artist has designed the settings. You or I speculate on how much our enjoyment of the play is going to be qualified by the elbow of the neighbor in the next seat.

Eventually the lights in the auditorium go down and there is that magical hush that comes before the start of every performance of a play. There goes the curtain and we find ourselves looking at painted scenery. We note its excellence and rate it against the designer's previous work. The heroine's dress may send the ladies with us hurriedly to the program to learn who made it. I may wonder if the actor pretending to be a butler isn't the one I saw last month playing Mercutio.

The action of the play begins. It consists of physical movements and words being uttered by the actors. We listen and watch, as yet unable to enjoy the necessary "suspension of disbelief" in what is happening before us. Then comes that "quickening" moment, as the Greeks used to call it, and imperceptibly the actors become characters in an incident that we are sharing. The momentum of the action grows greater and our immersion in the play deeper. Our awareness of our own individualities disappears. We are an audience. The women with us have forgotten who made the heroine's dress. The setting is now a room, not scenery. The elbow at my side is forgotten. I am no longer I in my old relationship with the physical world, and you are no longer you. We have been transformed by the catalysis of the theatre into an audience. An audience cannot think in the manner of the normal human being. It is more like a new-born baby, for it has no memory. Nor has it any awareness of time, place, or life except as it discovers them in its only cosmos, the stage. But no baby ever grew so rapidly as the infant audience. In no time at all, through the mysterious collaboration of the creative and interpretive talents involved, the audience has found wisdom and become godlike. The inspiration of the ancient theatre's altar, the essential gravity and sacredness behind the capering and

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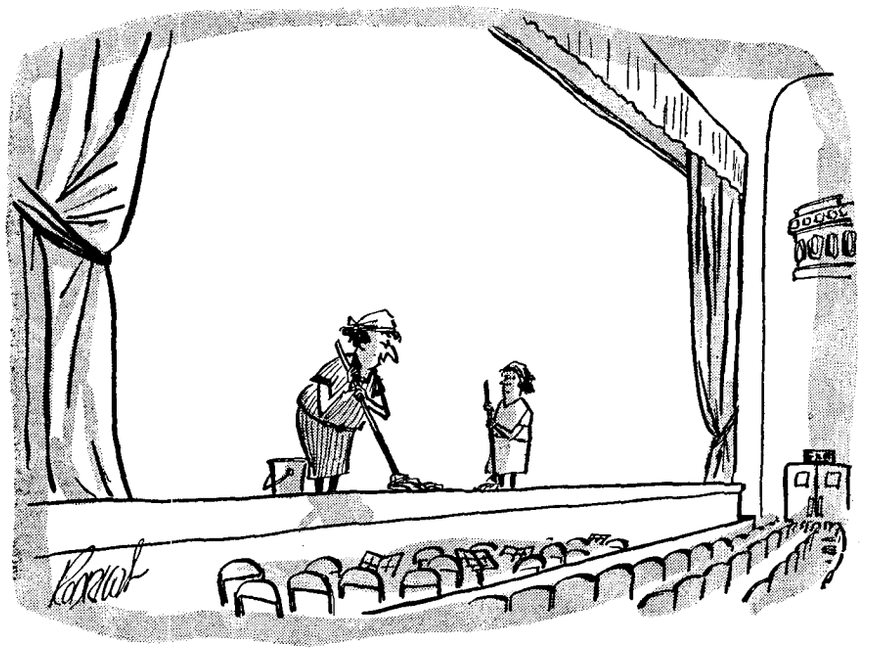

"For an encore I'll do the orchestra pit."

absurd humor of the first satyr comedies, the hunger for union with the divine, are all contributing now to the audience's estate. A work of art is being realized. The drama, "the thing done," is nobly alive.

The approach to truth in the theatre is not unlike the approach to it in the other arts. When truth is manifesting itself in art we find an incredible economy of expression. The lightest shadow, the most delicate motion, the faintest breath are all stages of a growing inevitability. Our perception as an audience is immeasurably greater than the perception we brought into the theatre as individuals. And so we sit exalted, sharing the play's truth. We are superior gods sublimely engaged in seeing the virtue of humanity defined, and unconcerned with such humdrum things as punishments for departures from virtue. That sort of thing can be left to lesser, punitive gods like Vulcan and Thor, whose arguments were thunderbolts.

In that room before us a man and a woman begin quarreling. The overtones of their quarrel are exactly those of the frustrated pair we encountered on the sidewalk. Their dialogue is almost what we heard as individuals and, superficially, there is no less heat to their rancor. But now we, the audience, have been provided with the secret keys of understanding. We know all the factors in the conflict, most of them perhaps unknown to the quarrellers. We are looking at them from heaven.

Of course, it is rare that such an enchantment continues for the entire length of the play. Our emotional bloodstream, our ichor, can be poisoned if the nourishment from the stage fails. Inept acting or direction, obtrusive cleverness or flagging dramatic skill can make the audience ill, and unless corrected will find it disintegrating poisonously and changing back to its original chemical combinations, you and I and the rest of us. But if our term of godhead runs its course we return to earth by that proper device, the descent of the curtain.

SUCH is the magic of the theatre. That magic withstands all the grandeurs and miseries of this world. It survives wars, air attacks, occupations, defeats, and victories. For no reality, no matter how satisfactory or how dismal, can ever destroy man's hunger for that world of "dimly remembered beauties" (Thornton Wilder). That is why all the powers and dominions all through history needed the theatre. In the third century B.C. the republic of Athens granted privileges to its actors, such as exemption from taxes and military service. The republic of Rome around 200 B.C. offered its citizens theatrical shows on each of the forty-eight holy days. The Church had her theatre in the era of her supremacy. Although basically suspicious of the stage as being a device to stir up all kinds of evil affections in the soul, she gave, in the Middle Ages, her nod to a theatre which was a dramatic extension of the cathedral.

However, it was the monarchy which—for its own fame—promoted the theatre most. Consider the extraordinary shortlivedness of the conquests of war and of diplomacy. Louis XIV of France, of whom Sainte Beuve said, "He had only good sense, but he had much of it," reigned for seventy-two years. But his intricate system of alliances designed to make France invasion-proof was challenged in his lifetime, and before 100 years were over his immense effort of conquest and consolidation was entirely wiped out, rebuilt, and once more destroyed. The theatre which was inspired by his reign and which it adorned flowers to this day and still reflects his glory. You cannot think of Corneille, Racine, Molière without thinking of the Sun King.

Who would have ever heard of the Duke of Weimar had it not been for the fact that Goethe organized and directed his court-theatre, writing for it and encouraging Schiller to write for it? Weimar was one of the many little principalities within the Holy Roman Empire; its duke was not important in the political scheme of things. But the classical German drama which was born in his realm gave him the lasting prestige of a great prince. All through the nineteenth century, actually up to 1918 and the advent of the Weimar Republic, small and big German princes tried to emulate Goethe's duke. Their *Hoftheater* were their pride and joy and they made great sacrifices to sustain them. There existed a sort of competition between these serene highnesses in getting up the most and the best productions.

Dictatorship, too, was theatre conscious. Napoleon I loved the drama and acknowledged its power to enhance and embellish his empire. A case in point is the Congress of Princes he convoked in Erfurt in 1808. It was a grandiose affair, designed to seduce frightened satellites and unwilling allies. To this end Napoleon brought the greatest French actor, Talma, and the choice ensemble of the Comédie Française for what a witness called a "veritable *levée en masse* of tragedy." There was just one thing wrong with that *levée en masse*: the tragedy all stemmed from the period of Louis XIV; the contemporary French playwrights wrote only the lightest of light comedy. This sorry state of affairs irritated Napoleon. He could not understand why he, who provided his people with an era chockful of drama, should have to put up with the insipid little plays of the prolific Desaugier. What he did not or would not grasp was that the censorship Fouché and Savary practised in his name and which even expurgated Corneille was not conducive to great dramatic writing.

It was at his Congress of Princes in Erfurt that Napoleon had his famous conversation with Goethe, in the course of which he suggested that Goethe ought to write a "Caesar's Death" with a more constructive twist. The new "Caesar's Death," Napoleon

(*Continued on page* 40)

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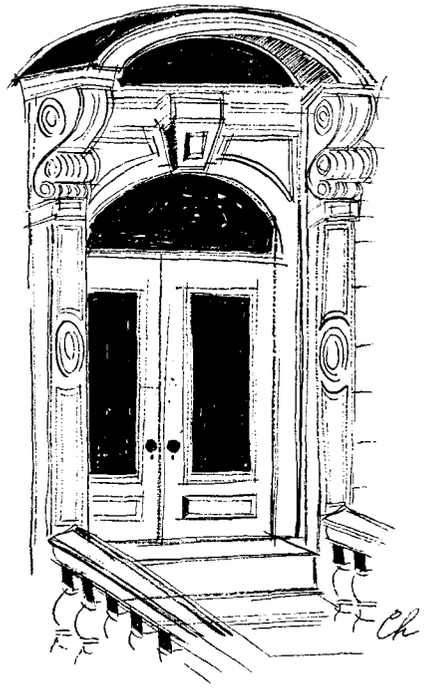
FICTION

A Southerner Returns

"The View from Pompey's Head," by Hamilton Basso *(Doubleday. 409 pp. $3.95), an account of the return of a figure in the Manhattan literary world to the Southern town of his birth, provides its author with an opportunity to compare two curious civilizations.*

By Robert Cantwell

HAMILTON BASSO'S new novel, "The View from Pompey's Head," is his most impressive book to date. A long, mildly ironic, and deliberately discursive work, it weaves two of his favorite subjects, the subtle social distinctions of a small Southern city and the subtle questions of reputation and standing in New York literary and publishing circles. Southern towns and cities are, of course, Mr. Basso's subject; they have provided the background for most of his books since "Relics and Angels" was published in 1929; literary reputation, or the appalling contrast between an eminent woman novelist and the public view of her, is the theme of "The Greenroom," published in 1949. There is a parallel between the intricate, all-but-inexplicable cross-hatchings of social life in a Southern provincial community, and the intricate relations of writers, editors, publishers, and agents in Madison Avenue publishing houses. Both aspects of "The View from Pompey's Head" are effectively stated, and if they never quite fuse the fault is not quite the author's, except, perhaps, in his overly-faithful reporting of obscure importances in both worlds.



The Pompey's Head of the title is a Southern town on the coast, somewhat resembling Savannah or Beaufort, South Carolina. The narrative, if it can be called a narrative, concerns a native, Anson Page, who has become a New York lawyer and who returns briefly on a mission, charged with covering up a terrific literary scandal for one of his clients.

The only thing that is dull about the town is the intense feeling of the natives that it is interesting. They work at trying to establish what ought to be taken for granted, insisting with almost baffled feverishness on the importance of landmarks and heirlooms, the names of public squares, the restoration of old houses, the remarkable or admirable traits evidenced in lawsuits concerning Negroes, the Spartan joys of duck shooting, and the subtle but real distinctions involved in being born in one part of town rather than another. Otherwise the town is freshly and vividly realized, rain, fog, and antiquarian society. It is evoked by the country around it, heavily wooded with stretches of broken swampland and settlements with tin-roofed cabins, the low skyline, the silt-laden river, by the mockingbirds and gardens of camellias, by the fist-fights in the road house, and above all by way of two level-eyed girls whose fresh youthful honesty and charm almost leap from the faded background and the meandering story.

ONE of these had the wrong kind of name for the town—Midge Higgins—and lived in the Channel, there being a local saying, which turned out to be profoundly true, that it was better not to get mixed up with a Channel girl. The other had the right kind of name and family—Dinah Blackford—but no money, and married Midge's tough brother so she could build her modern version of the old plantation. Both these whimsical and quizzical and passionate young ladies are in love with Anson Page: he had left Pompey's Head fifteen years before, his affair with

THE AUTHOR: Loosely speaking, Hamilton Basso's eleven books owe their existence to the fact that Basso, when he was about twenty, had a job as a college correspondent for the New Orleans *Tribune*, which isn't around any longer. Back in those mid-1920 days when he was attending Tulane Basso split his time evenly—mornings he studied law; nights he reported campus carryings-on. The upshot was that Basso had a splendid opportunity to pit one profession against the other. a bout he recalled the other day in an admirable New Orlyeans purr. "It begins with my grandfather," he started. "He had a good friend in a law firm. Well, I could see myself graduating, joining the firm, spending my life there. Everything just seemed so darn final to me, and I wasn't even twenty." Fate, as they say, in the form of the *Tribune* assignment interceded, the result being that Basso began warming up on a typewriter. "Even before then, however, I knew I wanted to be a writer," he continued, "so there didn't seem to be much of a choice." He quit school. By the time he was twenty-four, in 1929, he published Book No. 1. The Thirties saw one Basso book after another crowd the shelves. "Days Before Lent," which appeared in 1939, won the Southern Writers' Award. Next to writing Basso likes traveling. Some of his globetrotting impressions have been chronicled in *Holiday*, one of a number of magazines for which he has written. Others are *The New Republic*, *Time*, and *The New Yorker*. For the last decade or so Basso has been on *The New Yorker* staff, having started out as an editor, then switching to the book column, then to pieces of his own. All in all, he is an excellent refutation of the notion that a critic can't be out-and-out creative. "In my own writing," he reported, "I am never a conscious critic. Rather, it seems the older one gets the more demands one makes. I think that in this book I started out making the severest demands on myself, and I have lived up to those demands better than in any other book." —BERNARD KALB.

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Midge not becoming serious, and now upon his return Dinah throws herself into his arms with an alarming disregard of the jealousy of her husband and the position of their families, awakening in him a response so powerful that he beats a hasty retreat to New York lest his own moderately-happy marriage and moderately-successful career be forever ruined.

As a lawyer and investigator, Anson Page must be the worst on record. Most of the time he seems to have forgotten his mission entirely, like Lindbergh's account of his flight across the Atlantic, and dreams about his boyhood and youthful love affairs whenever another local scene inspires another memory. Moreover, he possesses a meticulous memory just short of total recall, so that relatives, friends, and exact circumstances are brought into each recollected episode. Since the prose is a modified Marquand, possessing a quality of almost passionate understatement, the effect is frequently one of labored restraint, as though all the energy of the author was required to prevent his story from becoming exciting, like trying to keep a horse from running away. But even with this careful and contrived halfdulness the fugitive glimpses of the two girls have a simple lyricism that is astonishingly effective, suggesting some of Fitzgerald's early stories, and constant enough to keep the story going despite antiquarian details and local gossip.

The scandal that the hero has been hired to clear up is virtually forgotten because of them. A great editor, famed for his integrity, possessing something of the eminence of the late Maxwell Perkins, is found after his death to have been transferring thousands of dollars from the royalties of a popular novelist he discovered into his own account. As is the case with the family squabbles of Pompey's Head, each subdivision of this mix-up is relentlessly detailed: the nature and career of the novelist; the vindictive wife of the novelist, threatening to publicize the apparent theft; the personality of each member of the publishing firm. Since there is a simple explanation of the shortages, though one that cannot be publicized, the detail seems unnecessary, the agitation unjustified. Consequently there is nothing like the authority behind the picture of the literary world that there is behind the picture of the society of Pompey's Head. The effect is not that the two are alike, but that the literary world looks mighty peculiar from the point of view of Pompey's Head, and vice versa.

Decline to Horror

"My Brother's Keeper," by Marcia Davenport *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 457 pp. $3.95), is the romantic, morbid, and melodramatic explanation of why two handsome and talented young men became eccentric recluses in old age.*

By Charles Lee

Do you remember the sensational news stories of a few years ago dealing with the Collyer brothers? Eccentrics living in a derelict house in Manhattan, they had filled it all but solid with an incredible conglomeration of valuables and junk. Its fantastic clutter included a vast assortment of automobile parts, thousands of bottles and cans, fourteen pianos, and a terrifying army of rats. The solid bundles of newspapers were so arranged as to provide a maze of tunnels for the goings and comings of Langley Collyer (who prowled the city for bargains in oranges, which his blind and paralyzed brother Homer consumed by the scores daily); to the hazards of the labyrinth was added another deterrent to possible intruders, a system of booby-traps that ironically ensnared one of its own designers and did him to death.

Like many another person, Marcia Davenport asked herself, as newspaper sensation followed upon newspaper sensation, how two such men, once cultivated and always wealthy, came to the end of their days in so nightmarish an environment. Intrigued by their tragic obsessions, she conjured up an astonishing chronicle of the damned and the dutiful to explain them. The resultant novel, "My Brother's Keeper," morbid and melodramatic, is a triumphant tour de force of macabre inventiveness. It ingeniously explains the presence of the newspapers and the fourteen pianos. Better still, via a tragedy of accumulated tensions, fears, and frustrations, it cunningly reveals the ghastly devolution of the protagonists, here called Seymour and Randall Holt, from two handsome and talented young men to two haunting horrors of disintegration.

Marcia Davenport—"hypnotic content."

This intricate revelation, much too detailed to condense here, begins with their black-skirted, tyrannical old grandmother, their accidentally killed father, and their hopelessly neurotic mother. They grow up in an atmosphere of brutal repression rather than emancipation, of spiritual derangement and deprivation. In adroitly dramatic fashion Miss Davenport uncovers the motivation of their pathetic interdependence, the secret of their inner ragings, the clue to their later compulsive attachment to each other, to their warrens of memory, and to the putrid sty where their last decades roll away in stunned vacuity. Seymour, once elegant man-about-town, sporting gold-rimmed pince-nez and a scarlet Stevens-Duryea that he liked to roar up to thirty-five miles an hour, dies in a wheel chair looking like some long-haired, wasted, Bowery bum. Randall, a romantic puritan to whom the most unexpected things happen, dies in a trap that provides gruesome glad tidings for the prowling rats in the grotesque mansion.

The central surprise of Randall's bewildered life is a sparkling young Italian opera singer named Renata Tosi. Renata is an enchanting creation, a rowdy charmer with a titillative view of humanity. The anguished love affair which they experience finally bursts into crescendos of emotional turmoil as, first, they fail to bridge their differing concepts of life, as second, Seymour devilishly makes it a threesome, and, as third, Renata produces a child that is fathered by one of them. The complexities that follow —the abandonment of Renata, her abandonment of her baby, Randall's fathering of it, and his subsequent trip to Italy—provide the climax to a truly harrowing and gripping novel.

"My Brother's Keeper" may not be literature but it lives in spite of its contrivances; it remains dramatic rather than clinical. It achieves both pathos and horror, realities of feeling in the midst of fantasies of behavior. There are profounder, richer novels, to be sure, but few are as hypnotic in their content and their narrative flow. Here is an unforgettable experience.

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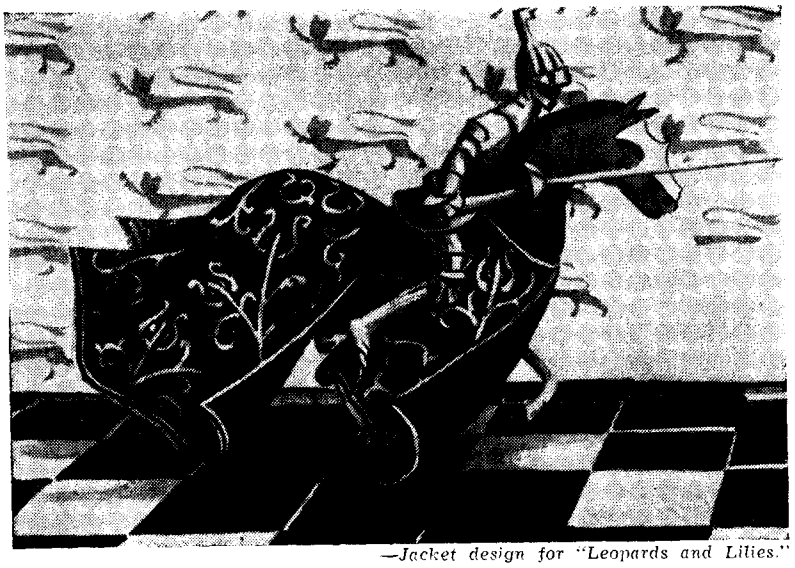

—Jacket design for "Leopards and Lilies."

". . . medieval barons talk like the politicians and stockbrokers of today."

Weak King, Strong Countess

"Leopards and Lilies," by Alfred Duggan *(Coward-McCann. 278 pp. $3.50), is the story of the rise and fall of a thirteenth-century Englishwoman, as seen by the eye of a disillusionist and etched with the pen of an ironist.*

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

ALTHOUGH there are perhaps as many kinds of historical novel as there are historical novelists, books of historical fiction as a rule fit into one of three categories.

There is the cloak-and-dagger costume romance. This lineal descendant of the earlier "Ods Gadzooks" type of tale is currently growing less plentiful —which is all to the good, for despite large splashings of historical references, such books are mainly trash in fancy dress.

The second type is more serious in its intent. Here the author really studies a bygone age, or one of its more notable or intriguing personages. He does all the work necessary for a serious history or a serious biography. Then, freed from the shackles of literal adherence to detail and, since he writes fiction, permitted to explore the unexplored interior, he comes up with something not only readable but useful.

I think of Samuel Shellabarger, whose "Captain from Castille" paints almost as vivid a picture of the conquest of Mexico as does W. H. Prescott. I think of H. F. M. Prescott's—and recently Anya Seton's—profitable excursions into the English past. I think of Mika Waltari, whose two novels about Michael Furfoot take us about as far into the ruffian side of the Renaissance as we can go without reading Aretino's difficult sixteenth-century Italian journalese.

But there is a third type—the intellectual or perhaps sophisticate type. Musty as he now seems, Maurice Hewlett, with his "Richard Yea-and-Nay" (1900) and his "Brazenhead the Great" (1911), was once its principal and popular exponent. Then came James Branch Cabell, who was a historical novelist even though he wrote about the imaginary Poictesme.

The newest in this line is Alfred Duggan, who reverses the usual by being an Englishman of American descent. Although neither in his subjects nor in his mannerisms does he seriously resemble the disillusionist from Richmond-in-Virginia (or Maurice Hewlett either), his first four novels—and notably "The Little Emperors"—demonstrate beyond cavil whose heir and assign he is. He is a disillusionist and an ironist too.

His fifth novel, "Leopards and Lilies," is now offered us. It follows the same pattern. A tale of the marriages and of the rise and fall of one Margaret Fitgerold, a noble lady who, amid the chaos that ensues when a wicked King of England (John of Magna Charta fame) is succeeded by a weak one (Henry III), it again indicates that Mr. Duggan is not so much interested in history as in the etchings he can make upon history with the sharp acid of his mind.

DO NOT deduce from this, however, that the book does not cleave to known fact. Margaret herself is mentioned in the chronicles as "the widow of the Count of Devon." Her second husband, and the book's second most important character, Falkes Brealte, is cited in most histories as the typical rapacious Norman knight. Most of the others in the cast can be found by those who seek.

Nor are the events recorded different, in their essentials, from those that actually happened. But thereafter any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental, for having taken his own where he found it, Mr. Duggan remodels it as suits his desire. He remodels it by modernizing it. If he wrote about Hamlet, I am sure Hamlet (psychologically) would wear a dinner jacket. In this book his medieval barons, as in a previous one his Roman bureaucrats, talk like the politicians and even stockbrokers of today.

This technique is, to be sure, what has gained him his popularity and has its merits, but after five books it palls a little, being too much like a meal of olives only. If this were his first novel I would hail it as the earlier ones were hailed. But having read the others, my cheers are more subdued.

Notes

WORLD OF TOMORROW: Where is it all leading—the flattening out of public taste to its lowest common denominator? Shepherd Mead may have the answer in **"The Big Ball of Wax"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50). He's only spitballing, mind you, and talking off the top of his head, but his prospectus of the homogenized world of 1992 has enough frightening reality about it to give even a market research consultant the screaming-meemies. "The Big Ball of Wax" is an up-to-date "Brave New World," with belly laughs instead of Huxley's mordant wit. Its undertone is perhaps even more bitter, though, because its premises are closer to realization, and its framework farther away from pure fantasy.

Mr. Mead casts his prognosis in the form of a "memo-tape," dictated by a senior executive of Con Chem, an octopus which makes everything, including plastic knotty pine and

(*Continued on page* 38)

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Journey to an Ordeal

"Seven Days to Lomaland," by Esther S. Warner *(Houghton Mifflin. 269 pp. $3.50), is an American woman's report of her trip through the Liberian hinterland accompanied by only a few bearers. Here it is reviewed by Oden Meeker, author of "Report on Africa."*

By Oden Meeker

IT HAS become fashionable for friends of anyone writing about Africa to comment dismally that this country is already flooded with books and articles about the Dark Continent. Certainly we are in the midst of an Africana boom: the public is being treated to everything from "Bomba the Jungle Boy" movies to anthropological recordings of Belgian Congo pygmy circumcision chants. We are a nation of enthusiasts, and we have discovered in the last couple of years or so that there is a great big continent over there called Africa, with quite a few people on it, and that it is important for all sorts of reasons. I don't believe, though, that Africa and its problems and its fascinating peoples and civilizations and their changing patterns will disappear from the American consciousness, any more than has Asia, which we discovered a few years earlier. Africa is going to be with us for the rest of our lives, and the more good books we have on it the better.

Esther Warner's "Seven Days to Lomaland" is one of the best I have read. It is the story of her trip through the Liberian hinterland, with a few African bearers, to the village of an engaging, semi-schooled Liberian boy called Comma, there to watch his trial by ordeal. He must pluck an object from the bottom of a pot of boiling palm oil, establishing his guilt or innocence of theft from the author.

It was Comma who insisted on the ordeal. He was the servant who cared for Esther Warner's small menagerie, a gentle, bright, comical, and intense Loma boy whose dream it was to become a doctor, who hungered after schooling, and who had tattooed himself with the punctuation mark from which he took his name. He had a way with animals, even the violent Town Chief, a chimpanzee who usually could be handled only when he was drunk on palm wine.

The suspense builds steadily as Comma and his friends travel through the forest toward his trial by ordeal. One learns a lot along the way—the tremendous importance of the secret societies in African tribal life, for example. In this case they are the Poro fraternity and the Sande sorority, with their secret schools in the bush training boys and girls for adult life, with their ritual scarification and clitoridectomy, and their masked spirits, straw skirted and dancing on stilts. There is also information on the progress of English literature in the Liberian bush. A trader named Baysah operated behind the dingy curtains at the back of his general store what Miss Warner thought for a long time—because of the exclamations from within—must be a brothel. It turned out that he rented American magazines for reading in four little cubicles the size of telephone booths, one copper while the sand ran through a timekeeper gourd. Some issues of *Time* were of interest, some not. *The New Yorker* and *Esquire* were valued, but *The Atlantic Monthly* was "not worth even one peanut with a worm inside." *Life* was the favorite. Unlike the customers, who could only look at the ads, Baysah could read the magazines, and was deeply disturbed at the conduct of Sumner Welles.

—*By Jo Dendel, from the book.*

"... the lilt and poetry of [the West Coast]."

Esther Warner gave her companions a free rendering of the "Odyssey" in Pidgin English as they walked through the forest, and it is doubtful if the story has ever had a more attentive audience. Ulysses was real to them.

THE author catches the lilt and the poetry of West Coast Pidgin, and with it something of her feeling for the people comes through. She quotes the comment of one of Comma's fellows on his longing for the white man's learning: "Comma has got the wants. They eat a man up from the insides. Just like the bug-a-bugs [termites] eat up a stick of wood." The story of the travelers' passage of Deads' Town by the bank of a river, and their prudent leaving of gifts of fine cloths and scented toilet soap, has the flavor of Amos Tutuola's fable "The Palm Wine Drinkard."

Esther Warner is an artist who has spent considerable time in the Republic, and has already published one other Liberian book, "New Song in a Strange Land." She writes well, with a nice sense of color, and of the incident of daily life. She likes words like "blet" and "rumtytoo." Her husband, Jo Dendel, has contributed some woodcuts which catch the spirit of the work beautifully, and help make this an unusually handsome book.

Most important of all, this is a book about people. The author has a heart, and quick sympathy for the Africans, though she is not sloppily infatuated, and nowhere does she rig them out as the Noble Savage. She does not think the Africans are cute. She is deeply offended by color prejudice and what Graham Greene has called "the white sneer." Comma and his brother Zabogi, the trader Baysah, the tailor Suo the Head and his sewing machine Moon Halo, Mommio Warner herself, are all individuals and part of one another, traveling through the rain forest to the ritual ordeal. Her companions are also tribal Liberians, and they deserve a place beside those of Graham Greene's "Journey Without Maps," the Nigerians of Joyce Cary's "Mister Johnson," and the South Africans of "Cry the Beloved Country" and "Bl- t Boy."

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Two Quests for Ancestors

"Black Power," by Richard Wright *(Harper, 358 pp. $4), and* ***"Africa, Land of My Fathers," by Era Bell Thompson*** *(Doubleday, 281 pp. $3.75), are reports by two American Negro writers on what they saw when they visited the continent of their ancestors. Saunders Redding, who reviews them here, is the author of "On Being Negro in America."*

By Saunders Redding

THE Gold Coast of Africa offered a challenge to Richard Wright. It teased his imagination. What he read of its past history outraged his moral sense. What he could learn of its modern struggle against colonialism tended to bring into question his own socio-political orientation. If what a man writes is an index to him, then few who have read the revealing essay in "The God That Failed" or the tortured novel "The Outsider" can doubt that Wright's adjustment to Western social and political institutions was once precarious and is perhaps even now ambivalent. In the introduction to "Black Power" he admits to using, "to a limited degree, Marxist analysis of historic events to explain what has happened in this world for the past five hundred years or more."

And if Africa was a personal challenge, it was also a challenge to the West, and Wright wished to see for himself in what terms that challenge was set forth and what weapons Africa had chosen to fight with against the forces of colonialism, imperialist expansion, and Western "stupidity." In the spring of 1953, fortified by reading from "bourgeois sources" and armed with the usual letters of introduction, Wright went to the Gold Coast. What he has produced out of that experience is a book as extravagantly overgrown as one of Africa's own forests.

Indeed, much of "Black Power" is impenetrable. Part of the difficulty is due to the writing and the organization, but part is also due to what can be defined only as the author's insatiable hunger for emotional and intellectual experiences outside his chosen frame of reference. After sketching in the historical background of the African slave trade (and, incidentally, the part that the city of Liverpool, England, played in it) he gives us a memorable portrait of a black Justice of the Nigerian Supreme Court. This is the best thing in the book and, though its purpose is to fix the frame of reference for what follows, Wright soon deserts what a reader is led to believe to be his true material and gets himself inextricably involved in experiences that, for all his intricate concern with them, have no important meaning. He is constantly amazed, shocked, stunned, astounded. "I was thunderstruck." Such phrases occur again and again. "I was frankly stunned at what I saw. . . . I was just stupefied." And by what? The heat, the damp, the open drains, the brisk trade in the market places, the bare breasts of the women—and the dancing! "Yet, what I was now looking at in this powerfully improvised dance of these women, I'd seen before in America! How was that possible?" When one discovers what some of the things are that dumbfound the author one is in his own turn amazed that Wright's control of his material and his selective sense is so erratic.

Stupefied by such common spectacles and stymied by irrelevant questions, it is no wonder that the author seems to find the more important manifestations of the African's growing political consciousness unamenable to a straight rationalistic treatment. On this—the political—level "Black Power" becomes a series of somewhat blurred portraits taken against an ideological background that Wright, though having now repudiated it, knows well. If he sees in Kwame Nhrumah a combination leader-teacher skilfully using tribal instincts, heritage, and superstitions to create a powerful mass movement, Wright does not at the same time fail to point out the dangers inherent in the blind veneration of a leader. If the author feels no sympathy for the now brought-down tribal chiefs, with their complete ignorance of modern politics and political methods, it is because he is impatient with a political morality that does not truly embrace the concept of freedom. And finally, if he sees the African natives as a pliant mass, ready for political molding, he would like to see that mass shaped to a posture that will keep it independent socially, economically, culturally, and politically both of present-day Western democracy and Communism. To attain this posture, he suggests—nay, asserts that "above all, Africans must be militarized," but he does not mean for war. "Over and above being a means of production, a militarized social structure can replace, for a time, the political; and it contains its own form of idealistic and emotional sustenance."

Richard Wright—"overgrown."

Though this reader wishes Richard Wright had clarified this statement, the author must have thought it clear enough. So, too, it is with other asseverations.

"Black Power" is a forest of a book, some if it speckled with light reflected fitfully from Mr. Wright's earlier work, but much of it dark, strange, and impenetrable.

WHEREAS Wright was but incidentally interested in finding his ancestral and cultural roots in Africa, this was Era Bell Thompson's principal intention when she set out for the land of her fathers. Miss Thompson's Africa is a different place from Wright's, and though both authors visited there about the same length of time (three months), Miss Thompson's journey was much longer. She started it in Liberia, traveled to the Gold Coast, then inland to Nigeria, then southward to French Africa and the Belgian Congo and South Africa. She went east and north to Mozambique, Tanganyika, and Nairobi; then still north to Ethiopia and Eygpt. What she witnessed and experienced on her journey forms the substance of "Africa, Land of My Fathers."

It is a travel book, and one is given to feel that Miss Thompson traveled too fast, too far, and in too short a time to see very much. What she did see, however, she saw vividly

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and she sets it down with urbane wit. She attempts few portraits (many of the personalities she mentions appear only as names), but when she focuses for a snapshot the resulting picture is likely to be delightful and, at least sometimes, revealing. President William V. S. Tubman of Liberia was suffering from an embarrassing boil that made sitting difficult when Miss Thompson had her interview with him, so that "the pained look that occasionally crossed his face . . . was not necessarily caused by my questions." President Tubman smoked cigars as long as Churchill's, drank Scotch whiskey, and owned so many fast cars that he was not sure of the number. He gave her a message for the Negroes of America: "It appears to me that some awakening and thought along these lines [of racial obligation] might be helpful. . . . to Negroes who can be none other than of African descent wherever dispersed the world over."

ON the Gold Coast Miss Thompson saw Kwame Nkrumah. The "wonder boy" of Africa had approached Miss Thompson about ghost-writing his autobiography, but finding her unable to do this, he would be satisfied to have her organize his biographical materials. It proved an intriguing job. Miss Thompson found some peculiar discrepancies, some strange circumstances, surrounding the black Prime Minister. In the first place, he was born in September 1910, after his mother "had been in labor for three years." In the second place, he was a ninth child and, according to custom, should have been sacrificed. It is no wonder that Miss Thompson kept asking for records and other documents. It is also no wonder that she didn't get them.

Nor in other parts of Africa did she get the treatment she expected to get as a Negro woman in her father's land. South Africa, of course, she expected to find prejudiced and discriminatory—and she did. Many Africans were surprised that she was given a visa to Malan's land. But in the Belgian Congo she had trouble finding hotel accommodations and she discovered that native Negroes were paid one-third the wages of whites for the same work. At Tanganyika, in spite of her visa and because of her race, she had trouble with immigration officials, was certified a "prohibited immigrant," and was not allowed to go on to Zanzibar. She had to bring to bear the pressure of her American citizenship to get lodgings in Nairobi, and she shuddered to realize that she was in considerable danger "inasmuch as the [Mau Mau] terrorists were concentrating more on black sympathizers with whites than on whites whom they were sworn to eliminate." She concluded that it would take generations of very special activity to dissolve the hatred between the races.

Addis Ababa, capital of Abyssinia, was a disappointment to her. Where was the evidence of cultural advance and advantages? Poverty lay like a pall everywhere. The lack of even elementary sanitation drove her nearly mad; the custom of leaving publicly executed criminals hanging two or three days in crowded bazaars revolted her. Here, as in Accra, she found that whites owned and controlled business, trade, the sources of wealth. Here, also as in the rest of Africa, she found an almost total ignorance of the American Negro.

What Miss Thompson saw and experienced was a disappointment to her; and she ends her book on a letdown note: "Africans are my brothers, for we are of one race. But Africa, the land of my fathers, is not my home."

Foreign Script

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

DRAWING this script,
This most fastidious diction
Articulated and pronounced
By hand alone,
Is to observe, meticulously stripped,
The visible nerve of language quick and lean,
Proclaiming delicately
In *a* and *r* and *d* and *e*
The era of another fiction,
A fantasy of fairer life announced.
Trace out the *n*, the *w*, the *l*,
And each intrinsic letter not one's own
Is hinged gate upon an unknown scene
Or fretwork tower with presupposed bell.

For Ivory and Glory

"Tales of the African Frontier," by J. A. Hunter and Daniel P. Mannix *(Harper. 308 pp. $4), tells the stories of thirteen men and one woman who played key roles in the early history of the East African frontier. Joseph Wharton Lippincott, who reviews it here, has frequently written on hunting in Africa.*

By Joseph Wharton Lippincott

THERE have been books on almost every phase of early East African history, but J. A. Hunter and Daniel P. Mannix have succeeded in knitting together in a single volume what can be termed the highlights of the whole fabulous story. This is done by depicting, in "Tales of the African Frontier," the adventurous lives of key explorers, missionaries, ivory hunters, doctors, early settlers, military police, and others who made history. The first of these entered a completely savage land, and each, in his own way, helped to open and tame it. Much of that history is so flavored with danger, hardship, and brutality that it is almost unbelievable.

These two authors, through previous writing and first-hand knowledge of the African scene as well as new sources of information, are indeed equipped to give us this amazing, thoroughly interesting, and historically valuable book. Theirs is the straight-from-the-shoulder type of narrative, just what is needed to paint the picture in the way that can hold a reader almost spellbound through every chapter.

Thirteen men and one woman are highlighted, and a host of others brought to attention in relation to special events. It is a veritable "Who's Who" of early East African notables, some of them heretofore scarcely heralded. The first was "Tippu Tib," an Arab, probably the greatest slaver in history and, by our standards, certainly a devilish yet colorful villain. His assistance, however, made possible the work of Livingstone, Stanley, and the explorers Speke, Cameron, and Wissman. It was he who broke the power of many native chiefs and cemented friendly relations with others by marrying their daughters. He and his imitators carved out caravan routes marked by lines of white bones, since only one in five of those captured for slavery survived to reach even the shores of Zanzibar.

The majority of the men that follow are Englishmen. Ewart S. Grogan,

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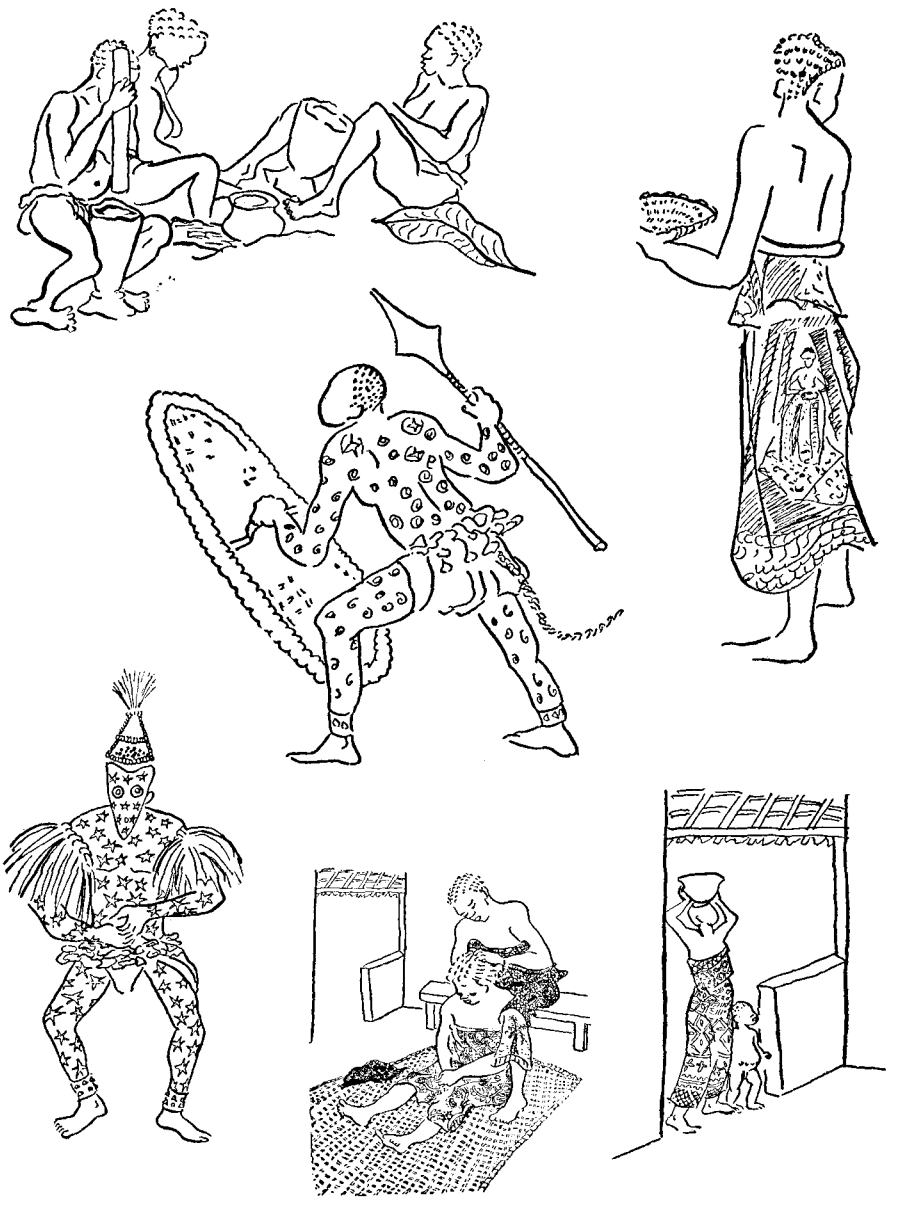
a young gentleman adventurer and first-class shot; Joseph Thomson, who headed the Royal Geographic Society's expedition of 1883 and became famous in those gruesome days for benevolent treatment of his porters; Reverend Arthur Fisher, a missonary who, while teaching reading and the gospel to the natives, quite casually slew leopards as one of his many duties. Then there was Dr. Sir Albert Cook, who saved thousands of lives, particularly in the control of sleeping sickness, smallpox, and relapsing fever. And we find a detailed, hair-raising new account of the exploits of R. O. Preston, the man who for eight months struggled to build the railroad from Mombasa to the shores of Lake Victoria, during which time the famed man-eating lions of Tsavo almost halted operations by carrying off Indian coolies.

LORD Delamere came as one of the first successful settlers in Kenya. He is called an "erratic, irritating, courageous little English aristocrat," but he did more for Kenya than any other man or any single group of men. Disregarding law, he killed hordes of wild beasts that trampled his wheat, and he resolved the knotty question of natives' rights as well as the row between the English and the East Indians who were also settlers. As the Kenya colony grew larger more enforcement of law and order became necessary and Major Robert Foran of the British Army was given the big job of policing the whole place. He not only succeeded in this the hard way, but also ended the spread of a disastrous bubonic plague epidemic that could have engulfed the world. Then there were Sir Vincent Glenday, who was sent to Kenya to keep order on the Northern Frontier, and Dr. L. S. B. Leakey of Nairobi's Coryndon Museum, who learned to understand the "native problem" and was eventually put at the top of their death list by the ruthless Mau Mau.

Since the professional white hunters and the numerous ivory poachers have played such a momentous part in chronicles of Africa, it is well that the authors have devoted sane chapters to their exploits. They probably emphasize the importance of the former, explain their origin, the great risks they take in connection with their work of guiding, and the instances in which they have saved the lives of various over-bold or ignorant sportsmen.

What caused the rise of the Mau Mau, and how brutally they operate in their attempts to murder all the whites, is well chosen for the closing scene. Such things as the unprintable oath their members have been forced to take and the account of how their armed bands slaughtered natives who refused to join them, killed many hundreds of men, women, and children, and even skinned children alive, then threw them into the flames of their burning homes, give a good idea of what the first explorers faced.

This is not a book to end all books on East Africa. Rather is it one that will whet the appetite for more about this colorful frontier of civilization which can well be said to surpass all others in adventure and importance. It reads as if it were written largely as a labor of love—the love for the continent of Africa.



LIFE WITH THE PIGMIES: One of the fascinating features of a new book called "Madami" (Prentice-Hall, $3.95) is a group of some twenty drawings depicting the habits of the pigmies who live in the Belgian Congo. Both the drawings and the book are the work of Anne Eisner Putnam. Back in the 1940s Mrs. Putnam was an art student summering at Martha's Vineyard when she met and fell in love with Patrick Tracy Lowell Putnam, a young anthropologist who was at that time on a vacation from the Belgian Congo. In time they were married and Mrs. Putnam went with her husband to live among the pigmies. Here, a hundred miles from any other civilization, Mrs. Putnam took a liking to her new neighbors. She ate their food and watched their sacred ceremonies. She also sketched them as she pleased and, returning eight years later, wrote, with Allen Keller, her book about them. —JOHN HAVERSTICK.

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The Saturday Review

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Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON
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What Is Necessary Is Possible

EDITOR'S NOTE: *At the San Francisco organizational conference of the United Nations no voice was more prophetic than that of General Carlos P. Romulo, leader of the Philippine Delegation and later president of the General Assembly. General Romulo anticipated the broad shape of events that were to confront the U.N. and he called for a structure of enforceable law. Recently General Romulo made a major statement before the U.N. General Assembly. The editors feel privileged, in an issue calling attention to the nations of the Pacific, to publish portions of that statement as a guest editorial.*

THE United Nations in general has become a vessel too frail to serve as the repository of the hopes and fears of humanity in the atomic age. Lacking something better, we have at least in the General Assembly a repository of the good sense and good conscience of humanity.

It used to be said that while the United Nations has not achieved much success in the political and security field (disarmament is one of its more awesome failures), it has done much useful work in the economic, social, cultural, humanitarian, trusteeship, and legal fields. During the past seven years this has been largely true. But today there seems to be a general feeling that the possibilities of United Nations action in non-political questions have become pretty nearly exhausted. We have come to a point of diminishing returns. An example is what has happened to Point Four in the United States. In another field there is the growing resistance of the more advanced countries to any action designed to promote respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms throughout the world. The reasons they give are strange indeed: they either say that they do not wish to risk lowering their own standards by signing conventions or covenants concerning these matters with the less developed countries, or they say (as they do on questions like those of Tunisia, Morocco, and race conflict in South Africa) that the United Nations is forbidden by the domestic jurisdiction clause of the Charter from interfering in these matters. In the field of trusteeship and non-self-governing territories we have come to a point where we are not only at a standstill, but where the trusteeship system and the principles underlying Chapter XI of the Charter are "withering on the vine."

It is difficult to escape the feeling that, on all sides, there is a concerted and deliberate campaign to arrest progress in these non-political fields under the auspices of the United Nations. One generous way of explaining this is to say that since so much progress has been achieved in these fields during the past seven years we ought prudently to settle down and consolidate the gains that have been made.

I am afraid, however, that the real reason is two-fold: first, that further progress in these fields must now await the conclusion of the Cold War and the establishment of genuine international cooperation among the Great Powers; and secondly, that the United Nations has exhausted the limits of its possibilities of action under the Charter as it exists.

WE ARE back to where we started. We realize that there is something naive and unreal in trying to promote higher standards of living, human rights and fundamental freedoms and the rule of law in a world where men are condemned to live in constant fear of universal death. We are compelled to admit that under the present Charter the United Nations is incapable of performing the service that it should for the peoples of the world in the atomic age; and the most important and urgent single element of that service is to save humanity from the menace of atomic destruction.

The question remains whether the good sense and good conscience of humanity will be asserted effectively and in time to forestall a war of annihilation with atomic and hydrogen weapons. Throughout history men have sought to retain the forms and the institutions of their daily life long after these have been outmoded by the ideas and precepts of advancing science. In the past, however, there was always a sufficient margin of safety which afforded men enough time to adjust themselves to the new conditions. The question, I repeat, is whether in this atomic age we are permitted the time to do this.

We must reject, to start with, the notion that the United Nations should be scrapped. I think that, faced with the possibility of universal disaster, sensible people everywhere are inclined to feel somewhat more comfortable and secure with the United Nations than without it.

However, a sense of security is not enough. The danger which mankind faces is both real and immediate, and it must be met simultaneously on two levels. First, we must endeavor to make the United Nations function to the utmost of its possibilities under the Charter, using its undoubted moral influence to help prevent impending disaster. Secondly, we must boldly explore ways of so strengthening the United Nations that it may have, before it is too late, the power to prevent universal catastrophe.

To cope with the atomic revolution, we need a political revolution of at least equal imagination and magnitude. In accordance with Article 109 of the United Nations Charter, the tenth regular session of the General Assembly, which will be held in 1955, will discuss a proposal to call a conference to review the Charter. If such a conference is held it is generally doubted whether any major amendments to the Charter will be approved. Since amendments are subject to the

(*Continued on page* 44)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

RATHER FAIR

As might be expected, Cleveland Amory's column on Devin-Adair [Trade Winds *SR* Sept. 25], on the whole rather fair, contained some inaccuracies.

I never intimated (apropos the liberals) that "they don't review our books." We get our share of notices and have little to complain of on that score. And as for "they steal our authors," one of my basic rules is never to publish an author who doesn't personally wish to be published by us, and never to attempt to keep one who wishes to go elsewhere. And finally, as to my "big grudge," to the best of my knowledge I have never held a grudge over night.

Devin A. Garrity.
President, Devin-Adair Co.

New York, N.Y.

RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL REVOLUTION

In the editorial "The Point About Schweitzer" [*SR* Oct. 2] N.C. said that "the proof of his genuineness and his integrity is to be found in the response he awakens in people. He has reached countless millions who have never seen him but who have been able to identify themselves with him because of the invisible and splendid fact of his own identification with them."

How true that is in my own case. I have never had the honor of being near Schweitzer in person. He came into my life through reading and studying his books. In his books I found a religious and ethical thinking that confronts me with that which is sacred in the universe; that which enables me to feel identified with all life; that which gives ethical direction to my thoughts and actions and thus meaning to my life. Schweitzer's thinking and experiments in the field of religion and ethics are of the same quality as those of Einstein in the field of physics. When his theory of reverence for life is applied it will result in a religious and ethical revolution equal to the revolution produced in physical science by the thinking of Einstein.

Thanks very much for such a good appraisal of the man and his works.

John B. Isom.

Wichita, Kan.

THE MAGAZINE NOVEL

Malcolm Cowley's article "How Writers Earn Their Livings" [*SR* Sept. 25] arouses interest not only in his forthcoming book, "The Literary Situation," but also in some aspects of the situation described. Certainly the writers' economic retrogressions, both real and relative, must continue to be an active concern of editors and publishers who directly finance the writing operation, and should be a greater one to the reading public in whose behalf this financing occurs. Mr. Cowley's analysis of the dollar rewards in various categories of writing seems thorough and equitable, and it may have been only an exigency of condensation which occasioned a conspicuous omission—the magazine novel.

Fairly rare in the heyday of magazine serials, the short novels are commonplace today, even in magazines whose other contents are of highly specialized kind. The range in wordage, payment, quality, and target audience is broad. *Redbook*, for example, uses a novel of from 40,000 to 45,000 words in each issue, and payments begin at $7,500—or, according to Mr. Cowley's figures, roughly the equivalent in author's-payment terms to a 17,500-copy sale of a $3.50 book. At least a few of the U. S.'s 16,000 professional authors sustain themselves (and perhaps their other and riskier creative efforts) by predicating their writing programs upon periodic contributions in this expanding category.

There is on the writers' horizon, then, at least this one bright spot.

Wade H. Nichols.

New York, N.Y.

"You must take a long, quiet rest."

KWIK REFORM

"Oh, my prophetic soul!"

Two weeks ago I decided that we had put up with enough from the letter Q in the English language. It was redundant and spinach. All this business about Qu could just as easily and simply be handled by Kw. Maybe K isn't as pretty a letter as Q but Q is simply a useless and second tail to the spelling dog. So I decided to form a society called "The Society for the Abolishment of the Letter Q" and I recalled that George Bernard Shaw had left a sizeable sum of money to further the simplification of spelling in the English language and I didn't see why that estate should not be importuned to finance our Society. But while I was waiting to formulate my letter and to write to the estate of George Bernard Shaw *SR* appeared with an article by Harvey Kinsey Boyer entitled "Why You Can't Spell" [*SR* Oct. 2] and I don't know whether to be discouraged or encouraged.

It would seem that I have only scratched the surface of the complications and entrenched vowel and consonant combinations with my poor little attempt to get rid of Q. This thing is going to take a lot more thought, but I herewith appoint Mr. Boyer as president of my Society with the right to change the name if he so desires and include the abolishment of a lot of other letters—maybe get us a whole new set of letters which will conform to the sounds that we make. I am thoroughly in accord with Principle 4 with which Mr. Boyer winds up his article and suggest that part of his individual courageous action might be that first approach to the George Bernard Shaw estate.

Yours for kwik reform.

Peggy Wood.

New York, N.Y.

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Parties for Princes

"RSVP: Elsa Maxwell's Own Story," by Elsa Maxwell *(Little, Brown. 326 pp. $5), is the memoir of the court jester of the International Set. In covering the European world of fashion for the* New York Herald Tribune, *our reviewer, Art Buchwald, has had occasion to chronicle the capers of Miss Maxwell on many occasions.*

By Art Buchwald

ELSA MAXWELL, the court jester of the International Set, has just written her memoirs under the title "RSVP" subtitled "Elsa Maxwell's Own Story." It is a 326-page book in which Miss Maxwell scatters 486 names of famous people including dukes, duchesses, ex-kings, diplomatic figures, movie personalities, Park Avenue society, and almost every Sir Tom, Sir Dick, and Sir Harry in Europe.

Miss Maxwell not only scatters names, she drops them, and at times she dribbles them like a Harlem Globe Trotter. Those that aren't scattered, dropped, or dribbled, fall out of the book by themselves. But as everyone knows you can't drop a name and leave it on the ground. You have to kick it around a little, bounce it off your head once or twice, stomp on it, and then if there is anything left put it away and use it later. The famed hostess is an expert at this sort of thing and as far as we could see there isn't a dull name in the entire book.

In the beginning Miss Maxwell reveals her real name was Elsie Maxwell—she lived in San Francisco and the reason she got mixed up with the International Set was because she was very mad at not being invited to a party given by some Nob Hill snobs. This snub seemed to set the pattern for her future life.

She writes she was determined to "become somebody" and proved that without money or a distinguished family background anybody with gall and a little shrewdness could crash American and international society for whatever it was worth.

Miss Maxwell has her own theories as to why she made the grade. Talking about the people who accepted her invitations she writes, "Why did they come? Surely it wasn't my beauty, or even the dinner, excellent as it was. It may sound immodest to the point of arrogance, but I honestly believe they were attracted by the gaiety I radiate as naturally as I breathe. As far back as I can remember, I've always been like a little girl on Christmas morning. I wake up every day with the unshakable—call it idiotic, if you will—conviction that something wonderfully exciting is about to happen. The ability to communicate that sense of anticipation was the quality that first drew people to me."

She claims to have many firsts in her life. She says she was the first person to congratulate Franklin Roosevelt after he was elected President in 1932. She was the first to introduce Rita Hayworth to Aly Khan, the first to discover the talent of Noel Coward, etc., etc., etc. As a matter of fact many of the great historical events of the last fifty years, touched or were touched by Miss Maxwell—according to her book.

Elsa the Latter-Day Diana.

She knew from the start Hitler was a foul megalomaniac just by the way he behaved to her at a dinner party. She had little use for Mussolini and when she discovered he was a Fascist she says she sent back a medal he gave her for putting the Lido, in Venice, on the map. The start of World War II broke up a housewarming party of hers on the Riviera with both Paul Reynaud and Ambassador Joseph Kennedy advising her to go home.

IT IS interesting to note that although Elsa Maxwell has made her living and her reputation from the International Set she is at times very hard on the members. Of ex-Farouk she writes, "My RSVP to an invitation to dine with Farouk was a telegram to his equerry which read, 'I do not associate with clowns, monkeys, or corrupt gangsters.' I heard Farouk screamed like a stuck pig—what else?—when he saw the telegram."

Greta Garbo is also treated roughly, but Miss Maxwell saves her spleen until the end of the book and then vents it on her old friend the Duchess of Windsor. Apparently, although the Duchess and Miss Maxwell spent five of their best years together, something happened to make both of them bitter enemies. Miss Maxwell leaves no doubt in the reader's mind that "she went overboard" on the Duchess, but now she writes, "For five years I was the Windsors' most ardent champion in America, but I finally seceded from a circle that held a good deal of charm and glamour because I could not stand by and witness the dissolution of a legend. It would indeed be tragic if the Duchess, by some perverseness in her character, utterly destroyed the greatest love story of all time."

It is believed that Miss Maxwell received quite a bit of help in writing her book from Stanley Frank, the magazine writer, and "RSVP" does have a smoothness to it that Miss Maxwell's column-writing never had. For this reason the book is easy to read. The reader should be warned though when reading the book to keep it well away from the body. One of those big names might drop out of the book at any time, and fracture somebody's toe.

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Designer's Dilemma

***"Shocking Life," by Elsa Schiaparelli** (E. P. Dutton. 255 pp. $4), is the autobiography of one of the most celebrated Paris dress designers. Elizabeth Hawes, who reviews it below, is a noted American designer who some years ago expressed her sentiments in a book entitled "Fashion Is Spinach."*

By Elizabeth Hawes

LIFE has held a lot of serious shocks for a serious and hard-working woman named Elsa Schiaparelli. Don't let the title of her autobiography, "Shocking Life," or the shocking pink of the dustjacket mislead you into thinking there's anything "wild" in the book.

It's a shame that a certain reticence always arises when one is writing an autobiography. Schiap, as she calls herself, tells enough about herself to make one anxious to know all. And much of it is very well told, although there is a section in the middle where names and places are flashing by so fast the reader may get a little dizzy.

Schiap is, as every garment worker and wearer knows, one of the few really star-studded names in the world of fashion creation. She was born in Rome (though she does not say when), educated at various convent schools, and married. Then she and her husband came to America and she to hard times when her husband proved a wanderer.

Madame Schiaparelli got into the fashion business almost by accident. She simply had to earn money for her daughter and herself and, happening to see a handsomely knitted sweater, made by an Armenian peasant in Paris, Schiap drew up some modernistic designs and had the peasant knit them up. The book makes it appear that one day she got into the sweater business and the next she was Internationally Famous. She should have told us more about what must have been some very rough years while she was getting underway.

Reading her story makes it seem almost too bad that Elsa Schiaparelli ever stumbled into the fashion business. Clearly she could have been a painter or sculptor or something that would have given her more personal satisfaction. This reviewer would be the last to wish to diminish the importance of dress-designing. However, I could not agree more with Schiap when she says she regards dress-designing as an art, not a profession, and then goes on as follows: "I found it was a most difficult and unsatisfying art because as soon as a dress is born, it has already become a thing of the past." Also, as she says, if a designer does make a dress that satisfies her entirely the dress immediately goes off on the back of a customer and the designer must start all over. Paintings, sculpture, books last. Clothes don't. Evidently this fact seems important to some designers, not to others. It was frustrating to Schiap.

It will not be surprising if Schiap turns out another book—in which case perhaps she'll see to it that the seriousness of its content is matched by its title and appearance. Not that "Shocking Life" is any weighty tome. Serious fun, perhaps. And pretty shocking in spots.

More About Spinach

To **ELIZABETH HAWES**, *the highly articulate dress designer, fashion is not only an unsavory vegetable but a cause célèbre. Since she invented the catchphrase "Fashion Is Spinach," which served as the title of her first book, she has consistently slung acid-tipped barbs at the vagaries and inanities of Dame Fashion. Her new book,* **"It's Still Spinach"** *(Little, Brown, $3.95), takes up the battle with renewed, free-swinging zest. Some samples:*

• • "American men have always mentally undressed women and, although less frank about it, women have done the same to men. But the objectives in this kind of stripping of the female by the male, and vice versa, haven't been of much help in solving the individual American's problems of how to dress."

• • "To dress beautifully and attractively means making one harmonious whole of soul, body, and whatever is used to decorate or conceal the body. It is, of course, perfectly possible to use dressing as a sort of mask behind which you seek to hide what you don't care to have revealed or suspected about your shape or personality. But to succeed in hiding *all* your defects, physical and spiritual, from *all* beholders, is impossible."

• • "Dr. Kinsey, in his book on women, says half of the American women he interviewed sleep raw. Unfortunately, he hasn't correlated this statistic with the sexual satisfaction the naked ones have been enjoying nor does he disclose the sleeping dress of their mates. If we had such statistics about private night dress the night-clothes business might either vanish tomorrow or be doubled overnight."

• • "In all American suburban communities men and women dress quite alike part of the time. Both have adapted ambi-sextrous costumes composed of what were once male garments but done now in female material and color. As the work of the world gets more evenly divided between the sexes and the men have therefore less responsibility and more time for what are considered leisure pursuits, they will gradually cease being 'manly' in the traditional American sense."

• • "How can you distinguish, with any accuracy, between a well-designed and a badly-designed female garment? To begin with, if the naked silhouette of the female in the garment is very much blurred and distorted by a great number of drapes, bows, flounces, the garment can't possibly fuse with the wearer but simply lives a life of its own."

• • "The American male when he has ceased to be a boy (which often never happens) seems to like silver-haired women. Insofar as any American woman has the courage to openly cease being a girl, one sign of which is to permit her silver hair to show, she will be attractive to grown-up males who naturally prefer grown-up females."

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Self-Portrait of a Sufferable Snob

"The Memoirs of Aga Khan—World Enough and Time," by His Highness the Aga Khan *(Simon & Schuster. 367 pp. $6), is the autobiography of the international figure who is the spiritual leader of millions throughout the Islamic world. Cleveland Amory, our reviewer, is the author of "The Last Resorts."*

By Cleveland Amory

"NEVER in my long life," says the Aga Khan, "have I for an instant been bored." One has an irresistible urge to say that one wishes that the reader, in reading this long life, could say as much. Such a comment, however, would be unwarranted. The fact is, with the help of two ghosts (one of whom gave it up), an editor, and a preface by Somerset Maugham, the Aga has produced in "The Memoirs of Aga Khan—World Enough and Time," not only an interesting book but one which is both meaty and surprisingly unghostlike.

Already, booksellers have noted, the average reader turns almost immediately to the index under Hayworth, Rita. Here they are rewarded by being led to three pages which tells them that the marriage of Rita and Aly was a "perfectly happy" one at the beginning but that in the end they were "not a well-assorted couple." The Aga is even cheerful about the conclusion of the affair: "A system of dowries and of marriage settlements is, I understand, developing in the United States."

Although the Aga hasn't been to this country since 1907 and it is not quite clear whether he means a general system for everybody or an individual system for Khans only (he himself began the Begum No. 4 in 1945) the fact remains that he is equally cheerful and charitable with his comments on a whole host of international figures. Indeed, he praises, more or less indiscriminately, even such controversial ones as Kaiser Wilhelm, Mussolini, Neville Chamberlain, King Farouk, Charlie Chaplin, the Duchess of Windsor, and Elsa Maxwell. Whether His Highness really likes everybody or whether he wants everybody to like him, the result is (perhaps in deference to the book being simultaneously published in eight countries) perhaps the most internationally complete job of name, place, country, and title-dropping since the last Olympic Games. (About the only omission is the late Czar of Russia. "He lived," says the Aga crisply, "a strangely secluded existence.")

To read this book for such gossip-column reasons alone, however, would be a severe disappointment. The Aga's anecdotes and portraits of personalities are curiously unsatisfying and have a strange "ex" or "has-been" quality which somehow seems to fit so much of international Café Society. As for the stories of his own life, they are so carefully tailored to fit his idea of himself rather than himself that they are at times oddly didactic. ("You can either sleep slow or sleep fast," he says. "I am a firm believer in brisk sleeping.")

Even the stories of his weighings are told rather heavily (he was weighed against gold in 1935, against diamonds in 1945, and will be weighed against platinum in 1955) and seem to prove that if the Aga never gets bored, neither does he ever get excited. He is very definitely a snob (when nominated by the Prince of Wales for the Marlborough Club he obviously feels it is no more than his due) and finally, like most rich men, he talks poor (the only difference being that since he is perhaps the very richest, he talks almost the very poorest):

> About my own personal wealth a great deal of nonsense has been written. There must be hundreds of people in the United States with a larger capital wealth than mine; and the same is true of Europe. Perhaps not many people, in view of the incidence of taxation, even in the United States, have the control over an income that I exercise; but this control carries with it—as an unwritten law—the upkeep of all the various communal, social, and religious institutions of my Ismaili following, and in the end only a small fraction of it—if any—is left for members of my family and myself.

Aga Khan weighed in diamonds.

WITH all this, however, there is much to praise in this book. If the Aga is a snob, he is not an insufferable one. ("In public life I have always been, in a sense, an amateur.") The Aga has given a complete and excellent account of just who he is and how he got there (including a concise history of Islam) and he has told the story of his early years in a fascinating way. We learn how he goes about the job of being Imam of the Ismaili branch of the Shia sect of Muslims (a man, incidentally, without a country) and what, in his seventy-seven years, he has accomplished, including being publicly inoculated to promote Pasteur's vaccine, founding a college, being elected President of the League of Nations, and converting some 30,000 professional-class Hindus to Islam. He sat next to Queen Victoria at dinner and he had tea with Queen Elizabeth II and he has at least tried to be the spiritual leader of a community spread across the globe from the Great Wall of China to South Africa.

It was a big job in a big time and, generally speaking, the Aga seems to have done his best. Even today he is carrying on boldly although, as he says, in the old days he was a guest ninety-nine times out of a hundred, and now, nine times out of ten, he is the host.

There is a pretty sad thought in this and perhaps, in 1965, when the Ismailis get around to weighing the old Aga against uranium (or the

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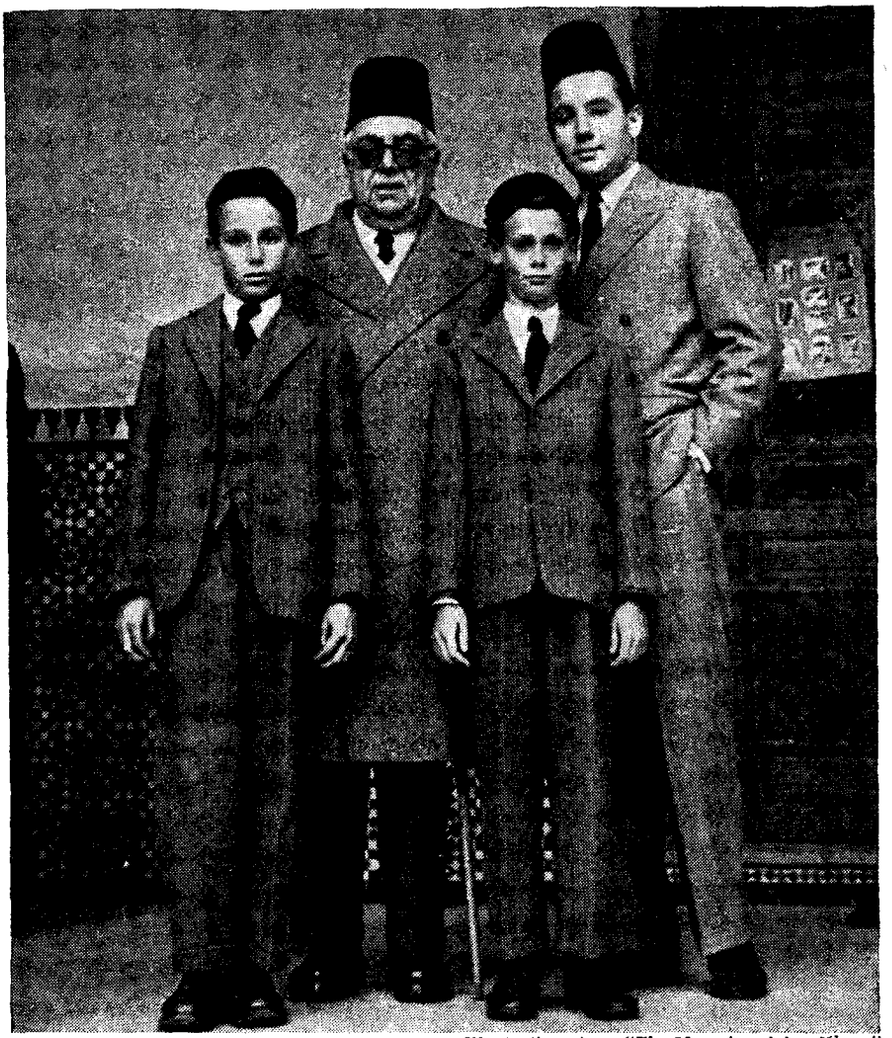

—*Illustrations from "The Memoirs of Aga Khan."*

Aga Khan with his younger son and the sons of Aly Khan—"a man without a country."

young Aly, on his first anniversary, against paper) they may wonder if it was all worth while. The book, incidentally, weighs $6 against 367 pages.

PM's Grandfather

WINNIE'S RELATIONS: On a recent trip to America Winston Churchill journeyed to a small red brick house at 292 Henry Street in Brooklyn. This was his mother's birthplace, and his visit provided a sharp reminder that Britain's Prime Minister is indeed half American. Now Anita Leslie (daughter of Winston's first cousin Shane Leslie) provides another reminder in **"The Remarkable Mr. Jerome"** (Holt, $4), a biography of the Leonard Jerome who in 1850 came from upper New York to purchase the Henry St. house. Depositing his young wife and child, he set out to conquer Wall Street. He did this with ease, a tall, dark, dashing man who made money with a flourish unusual in those money-conscious times. Then he bought horses, yachts, and a Madison Square mansion, with a private theatre in the rear for musical evenings that rivaled the professional entertainment uptown.

In following the career of the flamboyant Leonard, Miss Leslie is led into a catherine-wheel of characters, each seemingly more colorful than the one before. The problem is which to follow. Leonard himself is somewhat neglected as his wife, unable to cope with his "intense aliveness," takes their three lovely, lively daughters to Paris. Leonard wanted his daughters to marry Americans; his wife dreamed of royalty. They chose Englishmen, Jennie (named, the author says, for Jennie Lind, in whom Leonard may have had more than passing interest) marrying Lord Randolph Churchill. But no matter who the husband—and Clara married Moreton Frewen, who succeeds in being the most fascinating character in an altogether fascinating book—Daddy was relied on to furnish common sense and cash. He did, though at fifty he wearied of making millions and worked at it only perfunctorily thereafter. —ALLEN CHURCHILL.

SR's Library Poll

OF the twenty books on *SR*'s list this week, five are what are called "inspirationals." Do people read these to learn how to solve their problems, or to indulge in silent thanks that they are not (yet) in the subjects' awful predicaments? One famous singer has battled back the bottle; in "TNT" the author recommends that we keep a mental image of what we desire; the Overstreets ask us to integrate ourselves, etc.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)*
2. **Mary Anne**
   by Daphne du Maurier (F)**
3. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)
4. **Love Is Eternal**
   by Irving Stone (F)
5. **A Child of the Century**
   by Ben Hecht (G)
6. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
7. **A Fable**
   by William Faulkner (F)
8. **The Dollmaker**
   by Harriette Arnow (F)
9. **The Fall of a Titan**
   by Igor Gouzenko (F)
10. **TNT—The Power Within You**
    by Claude Bristol (G)
11. **The Egyptian**
    by Mika Waltari (F)
12. **The Mind Alive**
    by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
13. **Cell 2455, Death Row**
    by Caryl Chessman (G)
14. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
    by Taylor Caldwell (F)
15. **Sweet Thursday**
    by John Steinbeck (F)
16. **The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill**
    by Hermann Hagedorn
17. **The Song of Ruth**
    by Frank G. Slaughter (F)
18. **Madame de Pompadour**
    by Nancy Mitford (G)
19. **Future Indefinite**
    by Noel Coward (G)
20. **Applied Imagination**
    by Alex F. Osborn (G)

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* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction

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Genteel Realist

***"Howells and the Age of Realism," by Everett Carter** (J. B. Lippincott. 307 pp. $5), is a critical study of the work of an outstanding chronicler of the American middle-class. Here it is reviewed by Irving Howe, author of "William Faulkner," "Sherwood Anderson: A Critical Study," and other critical and analytical works.*

By Irving Howe

IN 1906 the grandniece of William Dean Howells complained that his writing lacked virility. Virile writing, she went on to explain, was "very strong, don't you know; and masterful; and relentless; and makes you feel as if somebody had taken you by the throat; and shakes you up awfully; and seems to throw you into the air and trample you underfoot." The young woman's critical vocabulary was somewhat melodramatic, and one would as soon not know which writers she felt might satisfy her vertiginous requirements; yet she had a point. Howells's half-prissy, half-humorous reply that he hoped "I'm a gentleman even when writing a novel" helps convince one she had a point.

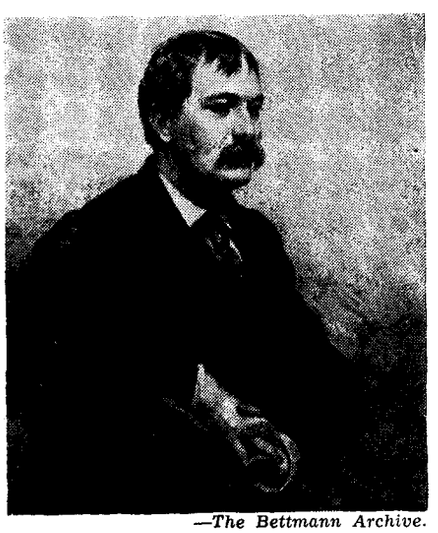
Howells has largely been ignored in recent years. Several of his books still read very well; he is in many ways an admirable and even estimable figure; but he does not present a critical challenge, there is almost nothing in his work to discover or uncover, he is as transparent as a store-window, and as public too.

Now there is nothing necessarily bad in this critical "neglect." Nor is there any reason why all writers should be written or talked about with the same interest at any given time—so long, that is, as people remember that the critical attention given a Kafka doesn't mean that Fielding or Turgeniev or Howells aren't worth reading. The study of Kafka presents acute and fascinating critical problems. The study of Howells does not.

Not even, one must regretfully say, in the conscientious book Everett Carter, who teaches English at the University of California, has now written. One cannot always be sure whether Mr. Carter writes from a genuine passion for his subject or from an academic concern to "cover" a subject. For while his "Howells and the Age of Realism" has all the minor virtues, being sensible, careful, and compact, it is so organized as to be hopelessly academic. Instead of focusing upon Howells's performance as a novelist, Mr. Carter has chosen to concentrate on such secondary matters as the genesis of his work and its influence on other writers. Elaborately, and somewhat tediously, tracing the development of Howells's literary theories, he has used his often sensitive estimates as illustrations of the shifts in Howells's thinking.

This is a risky procedure, since it can sustain interest only in the case of a writer who is also a first-rate literary theorist—which Howells was not. Of course, Mr. Carter's method may be defended on the grounds of scholarship, which is sometimes made to justify the idea that anything relating to the biography of a writer, whether personal or intellectual, is fair game; but the result of such a procedure, almost always, is both promiscuous and anemic.

As it happens, Mr. Carter seems aware of the weakness in his approach and consequently interweaves critical vignettes of other writers—Edward Eggleston, Frank Norris, Mark Twain, Henry James—who were Howells's contemporaries. These prove to be among the best and liveliest passages in the book, though at times they succumb to another academic failing, the temptation to aggrandize one's subject by making it seem more "significant" than it really is. Thus Mr. Carter feels obliged to enrol Mark Twain in Howells's school of realism (at least as a part-time student), which gives that school what it had not had before, a major writer; but which is also far-fetched as literary criticism, since in his best work Mark Twain, light-miles away from anything resembling Howells's or any other sort of realism, is actually a fabulist.



—*The Bettmann Archive.*

Howells—"infatuation with normality."

I MUST raise some other objections to Mr. Carter's approach. To study a writer in terms of his developing literary theories is largely to confine oneself to the plane of surface intentions. The famous formulation of "critical realism" with which Howells climaxed his literary thinking—a method of composition, he said, which "disperses the conventional acceptations by which men live on easy terms with themselves and obliges them to examine the grounds of their social and moral opinions"—is fine; but it cannot possibly tell us very much about the actual quality of Howells's writings during the time he worked up this definition. It does not tell us, for example, that he lacked one of the essential talents of the great writer, the talent for losing one's balance. "I like a man who plunges," said Melville about Hawthorne; and Howells, for all his courage in publicizing Taine, in becoming a Socialist, in defending the Haymarket anarchists, didn't plunge very deeply when it came to writing novels. Uneasily on the defensive, Mr. Carter remarks that Howells "was not by temperament a Faust." True; but that isn't what really matters.

Howells was trapped by his infatuation with normality, by his excessive concern, as Vernon L. Parrington remarked, with "the usual." He did not realize how normal abnormality is he did not sufficiently grasp the fact that even the most naturalistic novels are full of fantasy, grotesquerie, and symbolic distortions. I do not mean to complain that he wasn't a Dostoievsky or a Melville: he was under no obligation to pursue any vein but his own. I complain that he didn't pursue his own vein to its depths. It is sometimes said in his defense that he is one of the few writers who treats domestic life with a certain affectionate balance, and this is both true and a genuine literary virtue; but to see how he falls short even in this area one need only compare his treatment of the family with that of Tolstoy at the end of "War and Peace," where Tolstoy communicates not only the charm and felicity of domestic life

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but also its linked horror and boredom. Nor is my point that Howells wasn't as great a writer as Tolstoy; it is rather, as Henry James put it, that he lacked "the really *grasping* vision." He was too easily content.

EXCEPT, perhaps, toward the end of his career when he began to sense that somewhere his work was deficient and to react against criticism with an irritation that his gentle surface could not quite hide. "I could not have palpitating divans in my stories," he once said, and the remark is terribly revealing, not because one cares particularly about the palpitating divans (though literature would be much the poorer without them), but because it hints at the unwholesome corners that are so frequently found in the minds of the "wholesome" writers. We are here only two or three steps away from the hearty, beef-and-ale, middle-brow novel which is to corrupt twentieth-century literature—and if Mr. Carter had traced Howells's unacknowledged relationship to the rise of middle-brow culture in America, instead of pursuing him in the labyrinths of his literary theories, he would have written a far more consequential book.

Still, I don't mean to suggest that there isn't much to be learned from Mr. Carter's studious research. Perhaps the trouble is a larger one, not confined to him. Why, one wonders, do so many professors feel obliged to turn out full-scale books on subjects that merit little more than long-ish essays? Had Mr. Carter boiled his material down to fifteen or twenty thousand words the product would very likely have been first-rate. But he would also have been unable to publish it. The unhappy result of this situation is that too many critics, finding it virtually impossible to print long essays or collections of shorter ones, pad their genuine insights with academic cotton in order to turn out dullish "full-scale" literary studies.

A Faulkner Sketchbook

"The Private World of William Faulkner," by Robert Coughlan *(Harper. 144 pp. $2.75), is a profile of the Nobel Prize-winning novelist and his work. Professor Carlos Baker of Princeton University, who reviews it here, is the author of "Ernest Hemingway" and other critical studies.*

By Carlos Baker

THE TITLE of Robert Coughlan's quick journalistic profile, "The Private World of William Faulkner," is somewhat deceptive. We are never taken very far into Faulkner's private domain. What we get is a series of well-presented anecdotes, a compendium of thirty-nine articles nailed to the door that leads inwards. The darker sanctum, the interior of Faulkner's mind and art, remains, to use one of his own favorite adjectives, inviolate.

Readers of *Life* will recall a two-part article with the same title and subject, published last fall by Mr. Coughlan, who is one of the senior editors of that magazine. The original piece has now been expanded to a biographical sketch of about 150 pages. It includes further material on Faulkner's family background, a number of amusing stories (some apocryphal) about his adventures in Hollywood and New York, a good reporter's-eye description of Oxford, Mississippi, and its upland environs, and a sensible if rather cursory review of Faulkner's much-discussed novel of France in World War I, "A Fable." The value of the work is to provide a roughed-in factual background for the singular phenomenon we know as Faulkner and a breezy if not chatty descriptive account of his career to date.

As to Faulkner's character and personality, writes Mr. Coughlan, "he prefers to be an enigma and one can believe that he will always remain one, even to himself, for his inconsistencies pass artistic license and enter the borderland fronting on psychopathology. He is not a split personality but rather a fragmented one, loosely held together by some strong inner force, the pieces often askew and sometimes painfully in friction." The contradictions are numerous. "He is thoughtful of others, and oblivious of others; he is kind, and he is cruel; he is courtly, and he is cold; he is a philosopher at large who has no integrated philosophy; he loves the South and feels revulsion for the South; he is a self-effacing but vain man who longed for recognition and rebuffed it when it came; a man of integrity who has contributed to a false legend about himself."

One thinks here of Whitman's remark in "Leaves of Grass": "Do I contradict myself? Very well, then, I contradict myself." Mr. Coughlan seems content to offer his little table of oppositions and to let it stand; it does not apparently occur to him that Faulkner's alleged obliviousness of others, cruelty, coldness, vanity, and false-legend fostering may be simply the natural defenses of a shy and dedicated man against the literary pickpockets who are always out to exploit a famous writer and run off with the spoils. A writer could be accused of contributing to a false legend about himself simply because he refused to confirm or deny the lies and distortions which the irresponsibles are always circulating. In fact, though, if he spent his hours and his energies confirming or denying rumors he would have nothing left to give to the work that really matters: his writing. Here, rather than in Faulkner's social manner, is where the enigma really lies. And the writing will not yield up its inner secrets to the runner-past who is busy with his tablet of superficial contradictions.

MR. Coughlan is on firmer ground in the central chapters of his book. He untangles the complicated genealogy of the Faulkner family back through the lifetime of Colonel William Cuthbert Faulkner, the novelist's great-grandfather, a colorful and violent figure now chiefly remembered as author of a best-selling fictional tour-de-force of the 1880s called "The White Rose of Memphis." When young Billy Faulkner was a schoolboy in Oxford, Mississippi, his classmates recall, he often expressed the wish to "be a writer like my great-granddaddy." The other middle chapters show something of the tortuous route Billy followed in realizing that ambition. Among those who helped him along, Mr. Coughlan takes special note of Philip Stone in Oxford, Stark Young in New York, and Sherwood Anderson in New Orleans. But the major catalyst in his writing-life has

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been the Mississippi countryside in which he grew up and the great variety of people, white and colored, whom he has known since childhood. Mr. Coughlan's historical sketch of the development of Oxford and Lafayette counties is a useful introduction to Faulkner's homeland, and there are pleasant vignettes of Faulkner riding fences on his farm north of town, Faulkner hunting deer and raccoon down in Sharkey County, Faulkner singing "Water Boy" at a country fish-fry.

The last four chapters read like filler designed to round out, update, and lengthen a longish article into short book-length. Each contributes something new, however minor, to our knowledge of the life of Faulkner, but they are cursory in manner and anecdotal in substance: faults which have too often beset even Faulkner criticism. But Mr. Coughlan makes no serious critical pretensions. He is not addressing a highbrow audience and he concerns himself only sporadically and lightly with Faulkner's writings as literature. Other people have been or are now doing the critical job. Meantime this sketchbook should have the useful function of helping to introduce certain highlights of Faulkner's life and personality to a wider audience than secondary works on him usually reach.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 592

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 592 will be found in the next issue.

DWQOMDP AN CMA WTWQ

HONBEOH M GSAW

PBDWQXGBNBP ZOWA OW

ZQNHW SH. ZW MQW

PWGVNC HSQWPNCW HN

NBQPWGTWP.

—YNOAPNA.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 591

When they come downstairs from their ivory towers, idealists are apt to walk straight into the gutter.—L. P. Smith.

The Dance of Words

***"Plain Words: Their ABC," by Sir Ernest Gowers** (Alfred A. Knopf. 298 pp. $2.50), is a handy guide to our language useful to every man faced with the task of framing a letter or a speech. Here it is reviewed by Professor Thomas Pyles of the University of Florida, author of "Words and Ways of American English."*

By Thomas Pyles

"IT WILL take a long time to put the truth across that 'good English' consists less in observance of grammatical pedantries than in a capacity to express oneself simply and neatly." Thus Sir Ernest Gowers and, as the saying goes, I couldn't agree with him more. It is true that in this book, "Plain Words: Their ABC," written to "help officials in their use of written English as a tool of their trade," Sir Ernest wastes some of his ammunition on what is not worth shooting at; but he remains an eminently safe and sane guide in the writing of clear English, and his book may be recommended with no serious qualifications.

"Plain Words: Their ABC" lacks the usual handbook conception of English as a language set off in a sort of linguistic stratosphere, a language whose ineffable standards none of us, except possibly the author of the handbook himself, can possibly attain to. What Sir Ernest has to say can be read without embarrassment even by those scientific students of language who have been called linguistic liberals—quite erroneously, inasmuch as their attitude towards language is highly conservative in its regard for traditions of gentility and careless elegance antedating the snobbery-inspired prescriptions of the tribe of schoolmasters who came into fulness of power only after the Industrial Revolution, when the new *bourgeois gentilhomme* was willing to pay for their dubious authority as an antidote for his feeling of social insecurity. Sir Ernest is occasionally unduly timorous of these rule-givers, whose American archetype was Noah Webster. Nevertheless, he wisely recognizes that "too much importance is still attached to grammarians' [schoolmasters'] fetishes and too little to choosing the right words." What he says about *only*-snooping (the sport of pillorying *onlys* which are conceived to be misplaced) and other silly manifestations of pedantry shows that he is fully aware of the difference between real errors and the phony ones conjured up in the brains of schoolmasters who, without specialized training in language and frequently without even being particularly astute observers of its ways, write handbooks designed to convince timid, insecure readers that they have two strikes against them if they so much as open their mouths to speak naturally.

Unlike those popular pundits who write magazine articles about style and fancy that they are writing about language, Sir Ernest is usually conscious of the distinction between the two. With our widespread partial literacy and our bureaucratic administration, many persons take pen in hand who would never have had occasion to do so in the good old days. This gives rise to stylistic crudities, but it does not augur the ultimate degradation of language.

WITH its useful index, "Plain Words: Their ABC" would make an excellent text for a course in expository writing, though it was never intended for such a purpose. Sir Ernest's prescriptions for clear writing are so sensible and his attitude towards his reader so amiable that it would be a pity if some such use were not made of his book. For, even beyond the modest limits which he imposes upon himself, Sir Ernest is a better guide than the pontifical H. W. Fowler, whom he cites as an authority side by side with Otto Jespersen and to whom his publishers compare him. It may be *lèse majesty* to say so, but in my opinion the comparison is unfair to Sir Ernest Gowers. That his book should be on the desk of every American official who must write letters—or, for that matter, make speeches—goes without saying, for the evils against which he gently and wittily inveighs are common to British and American English.

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Painter-Novelist

"Thomas Hardy: A Critical Biography," by Evelyn Hardy *(St. Martin's Press. 342 pp. $4), is a new appraisal of the life and work of the great Victorian novelist and poet. Here it is reviewed by Edgar Johnson, professor of English at the City College of New York and author of "Charles Dickens: His Triumph and Tragedy."*

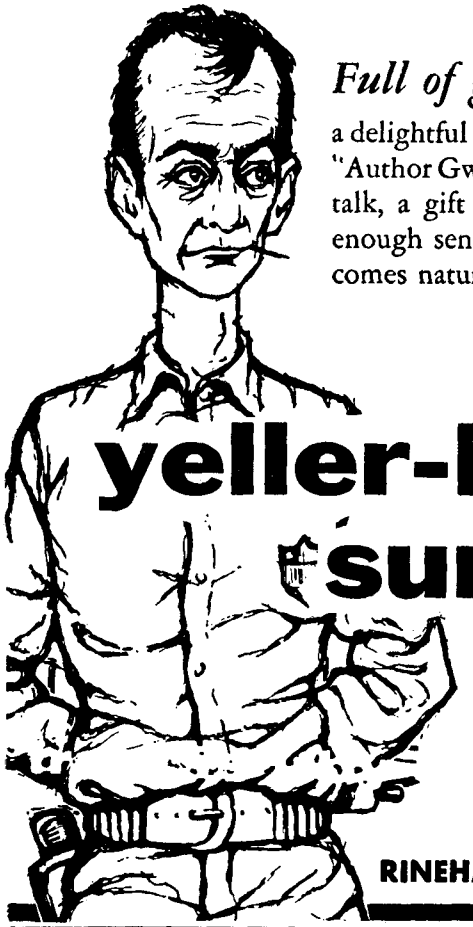
By Edgar Johnson

HARDY merits a better work than Evelyn Hardy's rather poorly written, ill-constructed, and critically shallow book "Thomas Hardy: A Critical Biography." Stylistically its defects range from occasional bad grammar to clumsy repetitions. Her choices of language give us small confidence in the author's praises of Hardy's style. Although on the whole she follows normal chronology, Miss Hardy makes allusive leaps to later events and developments, often so digressive, so irrelevant, or so faultily sign-posted that a reader grows both impatient and hard put to know just where he is in Hardy's life. Her synopsis of "Two on a Tower" is so confused that nobody unacquainted with the story could understand her account of its conclusion.

Judged as a narrative Miss Hardy's pages are regrettably sparse in those sensuous details that are the breath and life of biography. One has little notion of what Hardy looked like as a boy, a youth, a middle-aged man; of how he dressed, moved, talked—save that he did not speak the Dorset dialect; of his habits of composition and the rooms in which he worked; of the atmosphere and appearance of his various dwelling-places—except for the Stinsford cottage of his childhood; or of the personalities and physical characteristics of those who played a part in his life. Nor is this because of an absence of material. Hardy's own writings are drenched in the landscapes he had known so well; his second wife's "Early Life" and "Later Life" of her husband are full of detail; and there are ample sources for describing Brockhampton, Dorchester, the London scenes of Hardy's young manhood and late thirties, and Max Gate, his home from 1883 till his death. Miss Hardy herself, for that matter, in her last chapter quotes colorful descriptions of Hardy with which she might well have sharpened earlier parts of her narrative.

As a critic Miss Hardy is little more

(*Continued on page* 36)



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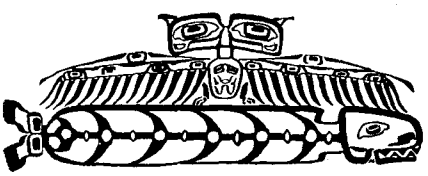

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Shaw Clean-Shaven

PITTSBURGH.

IN 1431 Joan was burned at the stake, in 1920 she was canonized, and now in 1954 she has taken out her first papers for American citizenship. Not that **"Saint Joan"** has not been done before in this country, but The Producers' Company production is the first professional attempt to do Shaw's great play in a manner that is not English or quasi-English. This is not meant as a rebuke to previous productions, for what is more logical than to do an English play in an English manner?

However, there is a school of thought which believes there is an American way to do non-American plays, just as Barrault demonstrated that there is a French way to do "Hamlet." At the moment this way involves using colloquial American speech and subordinating outward style and surface beauty to true emotional response.

At first glance such an approach might seem wrong for Shaw, whose plays make strong use of tongue-in-cheek debates. That sort of play would seem to need every bit of help it can get from a more melodious and metered British delivery that is as brilliantly artificed as the bearded rebel's arguments. Yet this current production of "Saint Joan" brings out a surprising amount of Shaw's intent. His characters, instead of being Shavian gramophone records playing behind the facade of pretty costumes, become projections of ourselves in the situations that face these fifteenth-century representatives of the Church, the Inquisition, and the Feudal System.

Jean Arthur's performance as Joan avoids being a spiritual pre-canonized solo. Looking a bit like Burgess Meredith, she reveals the Maid as a girl governed only by a common sense which tells her that the only way to do anything in this life is to be a presumptuous fanatic. Miss Arthur, whose characterization is still in the process of development, has some technical shortcomings and one often wishes that director Harold Clurman would find a way for her to convince her listeners without shouting enthusiasm, which she does with too great strain. If the spirit rises must the voice rise too? Yet her highly fallible Joan has the advantage of sharing the stage with the rest of the cast to a greater degree than usual. This Joan, like GBS, is of more value when she is provoking others than when she is winning them over.

These others whose reactions are the point of Shaw's play include a palsied and feverish bishop played with the appropriate fervor of the dogmatized by Frank Silvera; a spineless king who is kept childish by his counselors, made funny but not caricatured by Paul Richards; an archbishop who has no illusions about the business of miracles, depicted wisely by George Macready, and an inquisitor who is wise and soft-hearted, enacted by Sam Jaffe. Although the latter's weakly eccentric characterization helps gain sympathy for Joan's persecutors, his halting delivery of the play's longest speech momentarily waterlogs the Shavian skiff.

The producers may seem to have deviated from their principle by bringing in the British actor Wyndham Goldie for the role of Warwick. But since Warwick is the quintessence of British feudalism, Mr. Goldie's impudent portrayal fits in beautifully. In this instance at least the American producers can continue to eat their cake without losing the artificial British icing.

Mordecai Gorelik's simplified sets and costumes lend a medieval atmosphere, but cooperate with Shaw by never giving in to the temptation of blending into a gorgeous but obfuscating spectacle. Harold Clurman keeps the play direct, uncluttered, and so brisk that the long and familiar story does not make martyrs of its audience. Already an original and effective production, this "Saint Joan" will not be lapsing into touring company slackness as it moves on through Cincinnati, Columbus, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, and Philadelphia. Instead it will be preparing for its April opening on Broadway by continuing to develop the vitalizing possibilities of its domestic approach to an overseas classic.

* * *

If Joan's belief in her voices gave her no alternative but to behave like Shaw's unwomanly woman, phonetics professor Henry Higgins's zeal for his voices might be said to have accomplished the modern miracle of creating a situation that urges Eliza Doolittle to do likewise. This is particularly clear in the Pittsburgh Playhouse production of **"Pygmalion."** Here too director Frederick Burleigh has fashioned a brisk and uncluttered revival loyal to the play's intent. Gloria Abdou handles the difficult shifts of dialect neatly, and John Ragin and John Johns give businesslike performances which never call attention to themselves at the author's expense.

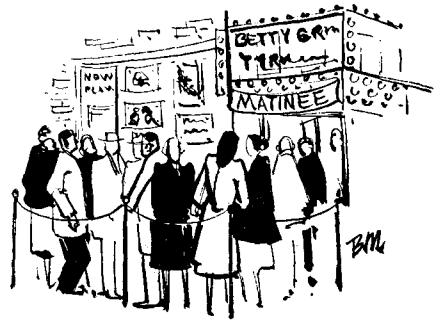
* * *

"Reclining Figure" should, I suppose, be taken lying down. For the main virtue of Harry Kurnitz's new entertainment is that it doesn't try very hard to be a play, thereby making it difficult to label it a failure. Moreover, since it has some very funny moments it might even be said to succeed in providing a reasonably satisfactory evening of relaxed laughter.

On the other hand, this comedy of an eccentric art collector surrounded by a swarm of slick art dealers and experts somewhat exasperates by shying away from a sustained attack on its subject matter. The art collector, himself a man of dubious taste, is suggested to be a misanthrope who shuts his magnificent collection away from the world to get back at people for not recognizing the Renoirs and Van Goghs during their lifetimes. A dealer, seemingly modeled after Behrman's Duveen, has an equally misanthropic contempt for his customers. Add to that an idealistic and independent young man who nevertheless understands the corrupt way of the world, and you have the ingredients for an uncompromising high comedy. Yet in "Reclining Figure" these are loosely held in an emulsion of half-hearted farce.

Martin Gabel, Percy Waram, and David Opatoshu stand out in the cast and Abe Burrows has directed his actors so that they perform their bits without seeming to care very much about the almost non-existent situation or even about whether the audience likes them or not. Fortunately, this attitude disarms criticism. And in the case of "Reclining Figure" such disarmament is, I'm afraid, essential.

—HENRY HEWES.



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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Who Gets the Job?

ONE of the striking results of a Republican Administration or, more properly, of the national state of mind which sent so many Mark Cross carpetbags to Washington, has been the sharpening of our interest in how the big businessman got that way. In four thousand drive-ins the sonorities of "Executive Suite" are still rousing the fretful children on the automobile back-seats, and here we have **"Woman's World"** (Twentieth-Century-Fox), which gives the female side equal time for reply on the same question.

In this glimpse past the receptionist, an auto manufacturer (Clifton Webb), seeking to fill the $125,000-a-year post of sales manager, invites to New York for consideration his leading sales managers and their helpmates. Since the medium is CinemaScope you may be sure they do not arrive without some heartstopping aerial views of the fenestrations and crenelations of Manhattan, and since the director is Jean Negulesco ("How to Marry a Millionaire," "Three Coins in the Fountain") you may also be sure that the assortment of couples satisfies the mystic number three.

From Kansas City comes Cornell Wilde, an attractive family man with a sweet wife whose outstanding social grace is spilling food on her dress. (June Allyson, of course.) From Philadelphia comes Fred MacMurray, so intent upon making his way in the corporation that he has fertilized an ulcer and antagonized his wife. (If you don't think this is a compulsive chap let me point out that the lady is Lauren Bacall, wittier than in "Millionaire" and dressed to destroy.) From Texas comes Van Heflin, an independent cuss with a voluptuous bride whose ambition is exceeded only by her *embonpoint*. (The girl is Arlene Dahl, in a fine example of what might be called shape casting.)

The resulting film is as shiny and as beautifully engineered as one of the automobiles manufactured by the mythical colossus in the picture. As evidence of the craftsmanship that has gone into the production, the screen credits indicate that additional dialogue was furnished by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. Not, mind you, by some traveling gagman who pulls jokes out of his inside pockets like a sidewalk peddler demonstrating ties, but by Lindsay and Crouse, who have writ by hand something like ten successful Broadway plays.

The suspenseful part about Who Gets the Job is cleverly handled, the dialogue snaps, the approach is worldly, and the solution anything but corny. I found "Woman's World" an entertaining movie, even though it betrays certain evidences of being deliberately constructed for success. In investigating the woman's world, incidentally, it peeks into one of the 14th Street bargain centers where ladies in foundation garments snatch original models from each other's hot hands—this is one of the comic gems of the season.

The recording of the song "It's a Woman's World" over the screen credits brings echoes of that Charmaine-scented era when every film had its theme song.

* * *

Success in a more leisurely but no less conspiratorial era is investigated in a sumptuous British production of **"Beau Brummel."** (M-G-M.) In the days of this headstrong gallant one simply didn't make one's way in trade, and the unfrocked Army officer attached himself to the fat and foolish Prince of Wales, who was letting William Pitt push him all over the Empire. In no time at all the daring and fastidious Brummel has the entire British court washing their hair, wearing clean linen, and encasing themselves in black-and-dun suits instead of the brocade draperies previously in vogue. While toning down his Prince's haberdashery Brummel also stiffens up his spine, with the result that the young chap almost succeeds in having his father declared insane, himself appointed Regent, and Brummel made an Earl. Too bad. Pitt throws in a Parliamentary snag, the Prince falls into a temper and denounces Brummel, and this proud gambler annihilates his future sovereign with a *mot* and gallops off to Calais, pursued by creditors.

The British have a special affection for their own past, and I suppose that they relive their glories whenever they see a film which contains such eminences as Pitt, Lord Byron, and two royal sovereigns, one mad, one adulterous. I admire everything about the British but their cooking, yet I did not feel that this parade of per-

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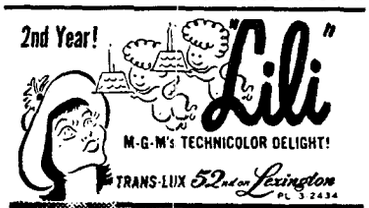

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sonalities represented drama. I found myself considerably more interested in the interior decoration of the various residences, Georgian and Brummellian, which displayed the most elegant clutter of treasures any auction hound ever sighed for.

In the company, Sterling Hayden makes a lean and proud Brummel, but the dimensional performance in the film is given by the contemporary English phenomenon, Peter Ustinov, who portrays a petulant Prince with a pouting precision which not only keeps the film interesting but also stirs up a mild concern about the general loneliness of the royal ones. Elizabeth Taylor, cast as the last and only and true love of this daring dandy, Brummel, is in the film presumably because her eyes are violet, thus giving the fellow an excuse for painting his study the same color.

—Lee Rogow.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

HUSBANDS AND WIVES

Not too rare in the history of literature are married couples both of whom became more or less famous as writers. Nan Cooke Carpenter, of Missoula, Montana, suggests that identification of seven of the following pairs will be easy, eight rather difficult, and all ten really tough. Answers on page 36.

1. Granddaughter of Thackeray, daughter of the first editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography," this novelist and leading member of the Bloomsbury Group established the Hogarth Press along with her husband (literary editor of the *Nation* for some years), who, after her suicide, edited several of her works for posthumous publication.

2. The two German brothers who became the chief theorists of European romanticism had gifted literary wives: one, wife of Shakespeare's rhapsodic admirer and greatest translator, later married the philosopher Schelling and left numerous "Briefe" published in several editions; the other, daughter of Moses Mendelssohn and divorced wife of a wealthy banker, translated Mme. de Staël's "Corinne" and helped edit her husband's critical and linguistic works after his death.

3. Fleeing from Southern literature, mint-julep type, this Kentuckian was a founder of the organ of the Agrarian Movement, *Fugitive,* and remains a poet, "new critic," biographer (Lee, Jackson, Davis); his wife, descended from a Louisa County, Virginia, family, has published several Southern novels, one picturing the career of General Bedford Forrest (published, unfortunately for its circulation, very soon after "Gone With the Wind").

4. The wife of one of Italy's neo-realistic novelists (whose real name is Pincherle and who published his first stories in the magazine *900* in the Twenties) has written a novel, available in English as "The House of Liars."

5. The brilliant "flower of Haddington," who, as a child burnt her doll on a funeral pyre like Dido, wrote poetry all her life, and had a real genius for letter-writing and for suffering, married, after a stormy courtship, a great social critic, transcendentalist, and friend of Emerson's, and embarked upon a wedded life not without discord, as is seen in several published volumes of her correspondence.

6. Wife at the age of sixteen to a French novelist and satirist who was bedfast with paralysis much of his life, governess to the royal children after her husband's death, and later morganatic wife of the king, she was a powerful influence at court; and her "Lettres"—mostly treating of the education of young ladies—have gone through several editions.

7. The novelist who immortalized Zenith, who rejected the Pulitzer but accepted the Nobel Prize, met his second wife in Berlin where she worked as foreign correspondent; later divorced, she has continued her journalistic work as columnist, political commentator, and interpreter of woman's place in the world.

8. Stimulated by a story contest between her husband and Byron, the second wife of a poet devoted to intellectual beauty (whose first, abandoned, wife had committed suicide) wrote the best of the horror tales, "Frankenstein."

9. Wife of the "laureate of the Jazz Age," this Alabama belle (who helped her husband spend money lavishly during the flapper era, tried to become a professional dancer, suffered from schizophrenia, and died when fire destroyed the mental institution in which she spent her last years) published a novel, "Save Me the Waltz," which reflected many of her own experiences as the "burned out young."

10. Having read Homer at the age of eight, book in one hand and doll in the other, and having composed an epic at the age of thirteen, this precocious poet was far better known than her later more famous husband when he married her, an invalid forty years old, and took her off to Italy.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Bach on the Orchestra, and Wagner in White Tie

WHEN a conductor chooses to open an orchestral season with an opera overture, a transcription of a work by Bach, and the first act of Wagner's "Die Walküre" one can only wonder: What has happened to the symphonic literature? Perhaps Dimitri Mitropoulos has a sound explanation for giving his Carnegie Hall public the "Freischütz" overture and his own transcription of G minor Fantasia and Fugue as preface to the "Ring" excerpt for his first Philharmonic-Symphony program, but it was hard to justify in prospect, even more so in performance.

There is, as most conductors will grant, an art in conducting opera-in-concert different from anything else. Mitropoulos has had much success with Strauss's "Elektra" and Berg's "Wozzeck" in such wise, but they hardly pose the kind of problem that Wagner does. A glance at the "Walküre" score will show upwards of half-a-dozen places where the singers are silent and the orchestra paints a picture, either to illustrate pantomime or merely a state of mind.

In the theatre, where the attention is absorbed by action or at least by a stage setting, these may be developed leisurely—but not too leisurely. In the concert hall there is a constant need for acceleration, for getting on, for making points expeditiously. No awareness of this need seemed to animate Mitropoulos, whose normal inclination to the faster tempi seemed, on this occasion, perversely inverted.

Likewise, the whole matter of balance. An orchestra in a pit is something other than an orchestra on a stage. Presumably a main purpose in performing such a segment of theatre music in the concert hall is the opportunity it provides for a great orchestra to make the kind of effect rarely heard from the very good one of the Metropolitan. But if it is throttled and held down as Mitropoulos subdued the Philharmonic then much of the point in the exercise is forfeit. Justice to the singers you say? Fine. But there is a balance based on resonance, clarity, purity of sound which can equate these factors. Its secret, evidently, was not known to the conductor who prepared this performance.

Astrid Varnay—"powerful theatre."

The result was a non-consecutive, stop-and-go kind of experience in which the orchestra occasionally erupted with a burst of power, the individual singers performed mostly very well, but no essential mood governed the whole. Everybody performed without score, but the orchestra had its, so all was safe. The penalty of such procedure seems to me, inevitably, a concentration on detail at a cost to total effect, save in exceptional instances. This was not an exceptional instance.

In technical terms, Mitropoulos spent most of his time cuing the louder instruments of the ensemble, with the strings and the woodwinds

Adjuration

By Sydney King Russell

DEATH, be kind to him who found
Life a faithless friend,
Let his joy at last abound,
Give him peace to spend.

Stars, for him your brightest bloom,
Turn his night to day—
Death, be kind to one from whom
Life has turned away.

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(not to mention the singers) mostly on their own. The consequence can make, superficially, for an effect, and the loud conclusion earned a substantial share of applause, but this is hardly the Wagnerian essence. Sweep and contrast, emotion and drama were rather loosely conveyed, certainly not to any memorable outcome.

This was unfortunate so far as the vocalists were concerned, for all were in very good shape and acquitted themselves proudly. This was particularly welcome news in the case of Ramon Vinay, who has had vocal miseries, off and on, ever since last season's Metropolitan "Tannhäuser," through a difficult summer season in Bayreuth. However, he has rarely sung with as much warmth and freedom as he did in the latter half of this Siegmund, which lies particularly well for him. In terms of artistry and intelligence, it was highly creditable. Much more of the same can be said for Astrid Varnay, whose Sieglinde was powerful theatre as well as satisfying vocalism. She is rather more the dramatic soprano than this role asks, but it was rewarding to hear the impact and luster of her tones before they have been worn down by a winter's heavy duties at the Metropolitan. Luben Vichey (ex-Vichegenow) was the excellent Hunding.

Of the preceding orchestral works, the best performance by far was the opening "Star-Spangled Banner," whose martial mood well suited the steely sound of the orchestra. However, Weber's "Freischütz" overture asks a warmer, more resonant quality than Mitropoulos allowed the orchestra to produce, and some of its softest melodic curves were roughly handled. In discipline and response, the Philharmonic is as good an orchestra as any but, when its players are put upon for the brassy excesses of the Mitropoulos version of Bach's organ "Fantasia and Fugue," theirs is not to wonder why. On the other hand, it is not necessary to regard the outcome as music. —Irving Kolodin.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Virginia and Leonard Woolf. 2. Caroline and August Wilhelm Schlegel; Dorothea and Friedrich Schlegel. 3. Caroline Gordon and Allen Tate. 4. Elsa Morante and Alberto Moravia. 5. Jane and Thomas Carlyle. 6. Mme. de Maintenon and Paul Scarron. 7. Dorothy Thompson and Sinclair Lewis. 8. Mary Wollstonecraft and Percy Shelley. 9. Zelda and Scott Fitzgerald. 10. Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning.

Writers and Writing

Continued from page 31

satisfying. Although, she notes, she has nothing illuminating to say about the strange contrast between the stripped, stark bleakness of so much of the poetry and the rich and somber lyricism of the novels, crammed with imagery and pictorial observation. She mentions, but hardly conveys the full force of Hardy's quivering sympathy and bitter indignation at all the dark pain and frustration he unveils.

Despite these defects the reflective reader can mine useful information out of Miss Hardy's book. It is revealing to follow Hardy's youthful reading and to observe how even in childhood the passages he marks in Ovid, Terence, Virgil, and Lucretius are almost always those gloomily emphasizing suffering and chance, and that these tendencies unfold still further in young manhood, when he is studying the Greek tragedians and shaping his thought with the writings of Darwin and Mill. Truly, as Miss Hardy says, "The mind appears already to have set: the pattern is already a melancholy one and the lad who carries the books in his pocket has been impressed by the harsh, the hazardous, and the unjust."

From early life, also, Miss Hardy reveals that somewhat embittered feeling of class differences (apparently intensified by an unhappy youthful love affair with an unidentified lady of superior station) that recurs through Hardy's portrayals of the aristocracy. His architectural training and his devoted study of great painters, as Miss Hardy points out, fostered in him "the painter's eye," which constantly illumines his astonishing subtlety and vividness of description. Finally, she justly emphasizes the fact that, far from being aloof from and uninfluenced by his age, as some commentators have maintained, Hardy's work everywhere "echoes the swift changes which were spreading over England, and the spiritual malaise which infected her."

Metropolis's Mores

CITY TALES: Coming of age in the twentieth century, the American novel has achieved not only complexity of form and content but also variety of literary types. For Blanche Housman Gelfant in **"The American City Novel"** (University of Oklahoma Press, $4) the most significant of these types is that which deals with the large, industrialized American city both as a physical place and way of life. In the urban novel the city or a section of it dominates the human situation. As a physical locale the city impresses itself upon the mind and senses of the novel's characters. As an ineffable atmosphere it affects and alters emotional reactions. And as a synoptic way of life it shapes the character and destiny of those who come within its environs. The city novelist is concerned primarily with neither local color nor with propaganda. He attends to social implications but not to specific social problems.

According to Mrs. Gelfant the American city novel, operating through practice rather than through any set of rules, has developed three forms, each with its own champions and practitioners. The first of these forms is the portrait novel, particularly as it was developed by Theodore Dreiser. Related to the traditional novel of initiation, it has for its hero a young man educated by the city's incessant pressures: learning what the city is, he thereby achieves maturity and sophistication. The second of these forms is the ecological novel in which the protagonist is not an individual but a spatial unity like a circumscribed neighborhood or city block. The leading exponent is James T. Farrell, although his concentration upon the social relations and manners within a close group is diluted by the emergence of a strong individual character like Danny O'Neill. The last of these forms, typified by the work of John Dos Passos, is the synoptic novel in which the city as a whole becomes the protagonist and the problem is to condense the massive material of city life.

Mrs. Gelfant's study is an important contribution to the rapidly growing body of criticism on the American novel. Unfortunately, she makes no effort to point out American indebtedness to European and English novelists, although she herself is aware of this important obligation. The primary virtue of her book lies in its synthesis. She sees the problem as a whole and as a result can ably illustrate the comparable sense of tradition binding together such seemingly different novelists as Sherwood Anderson, Edith Wharton, Thomas Wolfe, Dreiser, Dos Passos, and Farrell. Usefully exploratory is her last chapter, in which she deals with the American city novel of the last ten years. Here she concentrates upon such figures as Betty Smith, Willard Motley, Nelson Algren, and Leonard Bishop, taking care in each instance to show how the younger writers were indebted to the traditions and forms established primarily by Dreiser, Farrell, and Dos Passos.

—Edward A. Bloom.

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Just Published

MANY of the books described here, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

THE ABC OF NATURAL CHILDBIRTH. By Barbara Gelb. W. W. Norton & Co. $2.95. A report on natural childbirth by a young mother, once a disbeliever, who decided to try it and now is convinced.

ALEXANDER THE GOD. By Robert Payne. A. A. Wyn. $3.50. A biographical novel of Alexander the Great which opens with his conquest of Tarsus and ends with his death in Babylon.

ALL ABOUT CHRISTMAS. By Maymie R. Krythe. Harper & Bros. $2.75. A history of Christmas—that belling, crystalline time when the stars bend down and pockets go empty through the streets—that traces all its origins from the first roaring Yule log to the singing of a plum pudding.

ALWAYS IN VOGUE. By Edna Woolman Chase and Ilka Chase. Doubleday & Co. $5. An autobiography, not of Ilka, but of her mother, who was editor of *Vogue* for a good part of this century, and as such has had a lot to do about the queer weather of women's fashions.

THE BLUE CONTINENT. By Folco Quilici. Rinehart & Co. $5. Another volume for the fins and goggles set. This one details an Italian expedition made recently to the Red Sea, where much fishing and ogling was done, and much film was unrolled. Sixty pictures from it (twenty-four are in full color) are in the book.

BLUE HURRICANE. By F. Van Wyck Mason. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75. Mr. Mason's umpteenth historical novel. In this one, he tells the story of one Matthew Hovey, a Maine man, who discovers he is illegitimate, tries to kill his father, and goes South where he gets mixed up in the naval warfare that clanked on and off spasmodically during the Civil War.

THE BULLS OF PARRAL. By Marguerite Steen. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. A long novel about a wealthy Spaniard who raises choice bulls for the ring and has a daughter who is loved by a couple of matadors, one of whom she marries.

THE CONCORD AND THE MERRIMACK. By Henry David Thoreau. Little, Brown & Co. $4.50. A new edition of Thoreau's work, illustrated by Henry Bugbee Kane.

THE COTTON ROAD. By Frank Feuille. William Morrow & Co. $3.50. Here is some authenticated thunder and blood about a band of hardies who struggled across the continent of Texas during the Civil War in an attempt to reach a Western port from which to export cotton.

THE DIMINISHED MIND. By Mortimer Smith. Henry Regnery Co. $2.75. A second fusillade—"And Madly Teach" (1949) was the first—against "progressive education," which, the author feels, is rapidly turning the brains of our younger folk into miniature quick sands, where words and figures glimmer briefly, and sink silently from sight.

FISHERMAN'S WINTER. By Roderick Haig-Brown. William Morrow & Co. $3.50. An account of a recent trip which the author made as a fisherman through Argentina and Chile.

THE GENTLE ART OF SMOKING. By Alfred H. Dunhill. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75. A leisurely, appreciative, deep-in-a-chair essay on dear old tobacco—its origins, growth, uses, etc.—by one of its present barons.

GLORY, GOD, AND GOLD: A Narrative History. By Paul I. Wellman. Doubleday & Co. $6. A history-bookful of the Southwest encompassing just about all there is to know in that area of conquistadores and Indians, the French and Mexicans and Texans, and of buffalo, oil, and atomic energy. The second book in the Mainstream of America Series, the first of which was Stewart Holbrook's "The Age of the Moguls."

HE WHO RIDES A TIGER. By Bhabani Bhattacharya. Crown Publishers. $3. A novel centered around the days of famine in Bengal in the Forties and a low-caste smith, who for various reasons, impersonates for a time a high caste Brahmin.

MASTER SURGEON. By Ferdinand Sauerbruch. Translated by Fernand G. Renier and Anne Cliff. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.50. The autobiography of a famous German surgeon, who, in a long life, has done such notable things as act as a courier between the King of Greece and the Kaiser and pull a tooth belonging to a poor student named Lenin.

MEN, WOMEN AND PIANOS. By Arthur Loesser. Simon & Schuster $6.50. A kind of social history of the piano, which begins when that instrument roared away at and cowed such delicate sisters as the harpsichord and clavichord and ends in the present where the 88, as it is called in some circles, is used as an instrument, and not, as it was some fifty years back, as a cupid, an ornament, an elephant of beauty, a symbol of *kultur*.

ODDLY ENOUGH. By Paul Jennings. The Macmillan Co. $3. A collection of lowly-laughing essays, by an English writer, which, in the main, describes his many battles with such things as public telephones, traffic, and escalators.

ODDS WITHOUT ENDS. By David McCord. Little, Brown & Co. $3. Mr. McCord, who has grown tired, like many of us, of prefixes, here gives us some new verses in which, for instance, an inept person who is not, is ept. Also included are other tricklydiddles with the values and weights of words.

IT'S YOUR LAW. By Charles P. Curtis. Harvard University Press. $3.75. A kind of discussion of American law, by an able lawyer and writer from Boston, designed for other lawyers, as well as you, gentle reader.

THE MAN WHO NEVER CHANGED. By John Selby. Rinehart & Co. $3.50. Denis Sandzen's one ambition in life is to be conductor of the New York Symphony by the time he is thirty-five. In the process, he hustles a couple of other orchestras into shape, gobbles up any friends or associates who get in the way, wins huge respect in musical circles, and has difficulties with his sex life.

MANY A GOOD CRUSADE. By Virginia Gildersleeve. The Macmillan Co. $3.50. The autobiography of one of our most luminous Elder Ladies, who, in her life, has been a redoubtable internationalist (she was a U.S. delegate to the U.N. Charter conference in San Francisco), a backer of the WAVES during the last war, and the longtime Dean of Barnard College.

NO TEARS FOR CHRISTMAS. By Helen Topping Miller. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.25. Plenty of tears for right now about the remnants of a Southern family (father gone, eldest son killed) and how they celebrate Christmas with their smiles pasted on. The time is the Civil War.

OUR MRS. MEIGS. By Elizabeth Corbett. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.95. A reissue, and to some extent a revision, of three novels: "Young Mrs. Meigs," "Nice Long Evening," and "Mrs. Meigs and Mr. Cunningham," published, respectively, in 1931, 1933, and 1936, about a dear, aluminum-hearted eighty-year-old named Mrs. Meigs. All three have been tailored to fit together as one continuous novel.

POEMS: 1923-1954. By E. E. Cummings. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $6.75. This is shaping up into a wheelbarrow of a season for poets. We've recently had new books by Louise Bogan, Léonie Adams, Howard Moss, and Archibald MacLeish, as well as, at long last, the collected works of Wallace Stevens. And now here comes a revised edition of Mr. Cummings's collected poems, complete with Buffalo Bill and the moon an angry candy.

PRISONER IN PARADISE. By Garet Rogers. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.95. Not for discussion at tea, this is a novel about a doctor, who, through a chance prank, gets sent to prison. Later pardoned, his career gafloot, he heads West where he sets up, just this side of John Law, an operation known as a school of Healthopathy, becomes an alcoholic, and in the end pulls the whole mess down on his head and goes back to prison.

ROYAL MOTHER. By Jennifer Ellis. Prentice-Hall. $2.95. A polite biography of the Queen Mother of England.

SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA. By Czenzo Ormonde. Farrar, Straus &

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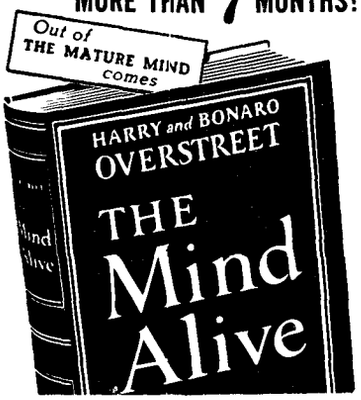

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THIS I BELIEVE: II. Edited by Edward R. Murrow. Simon and Schuster. Paperbound. $1. Clothbound, $3. A second collection of pocket-size credos by some of our larger figures. Included are messages from Bevan, Leonard Bernstein, Edith Hamilton, Norbert Weiner, Alfred Noyes, Carl Sandburg, Ralph Bunche, and other such inspirators.

TO FAME UNKNOWN. By Clifford Lindsey Alderman. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.95. League after league of the adventures of Esek Warren from New England, who is accused on night doings with Huldah, and goes on to fight in the French and Indian War before he returns home to a brass band and his townsmen's apologies.

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CAPITALIST REVOLUTION. By Adolf A. Berle, Jr. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3. A study of the growth of capitalism from the hammock days of simple old *laissez-faire* to the present of towering, muscled corporations. Mr. Berle, who is a distinguished corporation lawyer and teacher, believes, in view of the fact that our present economy is affecting the whole world, that it is time we realized this and set in motion some proper rules for the guidance of such a system.

THE UMBRELLA GARDEN. By Maria Yen. Adapted from the Chinese by Maria Yen and Richard M. McCarthy. The Macmillan Co. $4. An invaluable account—considering the lampblack that now covers most of China—of the early days of Communist rule in Peking. At the time, the author was a student at Peita University, and, when the dark began to ring down, fled by train to Canton, then to Hong Kong.

THE UNTOLD STORY OF DOUGLAS MACARTHUR. By Frazier Hunt. Devin-Adair Co. $5. Another Roman candle for the Old Soldier, which traces his parentage, his laurel-thick career, and ends in the present.

VARIABLE WINDS AT JALNA. By Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown & Co. $3.95. The newest instalment in the saga of the Whiteoaks family, which has been living, quarreling, loving, drinking, spending, and dying for heaven knows how many decades.

VIEW FROM THE PARSONAGE. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Harper & Bros. $3.50. Miss Kaye-Smith's new novel concerns Henry Chamberlain, who is the parson of a village named Ebony in Kent, and his friendship with the local squire, Adam Cryall, a non-believer and rationalist and the father of a couple of bumptious daughters.

THE WORCESTER ACCOUNT. By S. N. Behrman. Random House. $3.50. A series of eleven autobiographical sketches, many of which appeared in *The New Yorker*, about Mr. Behrman's growing up as a member of a middle-class Jewish family on Providence Street in Worcester.
—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

Pegasus

By Witter Bynner

IF I forgot my fearful will
I might go galloping over a hill
At such a pace the hill would soon
Become a contour of the moon,
But my heart is sick and so is
my hoof
And here I stand munching under
a roof.

Fiction

Continued from page 17

synthetic premasticated foods. The memorandum is a retrospective one, detailing the sequence of events that led to the merchandising of a machine that created more public passivity than even television.

Along the way, Mr. Mead makes a number of interesting observations on our cultural level forty years hence. Books, for example, consist of 3-D pictures, with the text limited to speech balloons. The big holiday is Momsday. And the populace generally has as much vitality as a peck of happy clams. Most of "The Big Ball of Wax" is written in Madison Avenue gobbledegook, at which Mr. Mead is an acknowledged master ("First I feel our group should talk to the proposition for a meeting-series and submit it for recommendation at the brand level. Maybe before that we'd want to tee off with a series of blind tests and motivation studies and at least a pilot group of depth interviews.")

"The Big Ball of Wax" is pure satire, without any flesh-and-blood characters, and with perhaps more gimmickry than it really needs. But on its own terms it is crackling good fun; its point has never been made more tellingly. —MARTIN LEVIN.

ARTIST IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF: The nature of the artist and the mystery of his creative processes have long been considered legitimate themes for novelists, in the last dozen or so years, and most notably in Max White's excellent "Tiger, Tiger." Now Stephen Longstreet, himself an artist, has written another book on these themes, **"The Lion at Morning"** (Simon & Schuster, $4.95), and it is a novel of range and variety. The burden of Mr. Longstreet's tale is the career of one Tom Heacock, a fellow who will not paint in the manner of the Paris schools nor, for that matter, in the manner of the schools of Italy, California, New Mexico, Louisiana, and other places where he stops over in his search for vision and style. He is also searching for his own identity in relation to his mother and several other women in his life.

There are times when Mr. Longstreet strikes false notes: he has a tendency to write bad lines and to deal in the glib currency of words like "so good and wonderful and strange and honest." But the total impact of his novel is one which adds up to a portrait of an artist who is frequently believable, and as a large artist at that. —EDMUND FULLER.

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NEW EDITIONS

A Nest of Singing Birds

IT IS the claim of some poets that in a difficult time poems must be difficult, and it is the complaint of many readers that the most highly esteemed poetry of our own time is too difficult to be endured. Yet there are fine poets among us who have won success, and even critical favor, without plunging into dark thickets of thought, swamps of ambivalence, and brambles of ambiguity. Books by a few of these poets are in front of me now—Mark Van Doren's "Selected Poems" (Holt, $5); James Stephens's "Collected Poems" (Macmillan, $5); Oliver St. John Gogarty's "Collected Poems" (Devin-Adair, $5); Max Eastman's "Poems of Five Decades" (Harper, $3.75); and Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body" (Rinehart, $5).

Mark Van Doren's poetic voice is quiet, sure, persuasive, and finally entrancing. His poetry is marked by a singular purity of diction and by an exact sense of proportion. His figures do their work cleanly, without strain or posturing or eccentricity. Filled with the sights and sounds and smells of country living, his poems—it may be said without sentimentality—draw strength and beauty from Nature, and all her moods and creatures. Rooted in accurate observation, they flower in philosophical reflection; for Mr. Van Doren's view of his subjects is at once close and long-range, precise and general, empirical and metaphysical. In his warm, glowing sonnets of love he is no less happy than in his rural rides; and in these same sonnets he displays the great gift of writing lines that read as if they must have always been. He is a poet whom we may read with pride as well as pleasure.

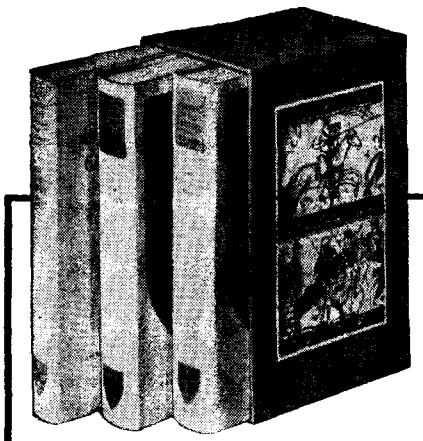
James Stephens, too, in much of his work, is a poet of Nature. His country verses trip to singing measures, and they are sweet to hear and see; but they are often as thin as a simple song, and the ideas that inform even the graver poems seem traditional and commonplace when we come to them after having been in the company of Mark Van Doren's mind. Yet James Stephens is a true singer and a true poet, a bearer of much joy—with high spirits, healthy humor, and darting fancy—who speaks with a voice of his very own as well as with Ireland's. When we join Gogarty—who in his lifetime has become a legend—the fun grows faster, the humor wilder, the women easier, and the grog stronger. I remember that, many years ago, when I read several English editions of Gogarty's poems for an American publisher who was thinking of bringing them out in a single volume, I reported that the man was a whole nest of singing birds in himself. And he is more, for his poetic range—as the range of his life has been—is exceptionally wide: there is room in it for loveliness and bawdiness, for elegance and earthiness, for God and Priapus.

MAX EASTMAN has not only preached intelligibility in poetry, he has practised it with passion. Now he has brought together all of his poems—including "Lot's Wife," his major work—"which do not contain some flaw from the standpoint of their own nature—some obvious failure to be what they set out to be." And he has furnished them with a Foreword in which he tells us that his writing of poetry has been "spasmodic and incidental," and in which he proves to be his own best critic by declaring that "a poet of the intermittent school . . . will never rise to the heights of his art; he will never quite decide what his personality is and make a cult of it as great artists usually do; he will be clumsy sometimes in his highest and best flights because he is out of practice. But he will always be sincerely filled to overflowing with the thing he is trying to put into a poem."

"John Brown's Body," probably the most ambitiously designed poem by an American, is sincerely filled to overflowing with the things that a great lover of America wished to say about his native land and its history. This long, complex, heroic tale, with its splendid reaches of poetry and its narrative bridges built of prose, is promising to become one of our classics; and this new edition, illustrated by Fritz Kredel and Warren Chappell, is a delightful setting in which to read it.

Walter Benton's "This Is My Beloved," the most graphic poem of physical love since Carew's "A Rapture," has been printed from new plates, in a beautiful gift edition (Knopf, $5).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.



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CORRECTION

Because of a typographical error, the price advertised for the Bell "Cub Corder" Tape Recorder, Model 2260 in the FEDERATED ELECTRONICS, INC. advertisement of October 9th issue of the Saturday Review was incorrect at $149.50. The correct price is $224.95.

The Life of the Theatre

Continued from page 14

said, should demonstrate to the world that Caesar would have brought about the happiness of humanity if only he had been given time to carry out his vast projects. Goethe was a great admirer of Napoleon. He professed to find the Emperor's proposition divinely naive and ingenious. Still, he never followed it up.

And here you have in a nutshell the theatrical problem which confronts all dictators and all dramatists working under dictatorships: that is, the chemistry of the drama and the chemistry of political expediency never coincide. That is why dictators never get their money's worth out of their theatre.

Hitler was one of those dictators who, though fond of the theatre, signally misunderstood its nature. It was characteristic of the Third Reich to have put the German theatre under the control of Dr. Goebbels's Propaganda Ministry. Hitler could not have proclaimed his intentions more blatantly; it was to make Schiller's "moral institution" into a political instrument. As was to be expected, it worked only in the negative. That is, no plays could be produced which made fun of the regime or reflected the lurid and tragic conflicts caused by its monstrous principles and laws. But on the other hand, no plays were produced which promoted Nazi ideology; there weren't any. During the twelve years the Nazis lasted not one new play of any interest was created in Germany. Nor did any provocative foreign plays reach the German stage—a stage which in general is notably hungry for new things and catholic in its taste. Even some of the German classical works were put on the Nazi index—especially Lessing's "Nathan the Sage," a play extoling racial tolerance and therefore downright subversive.

WHILE censorship impoverishes the repertoire, it would be a mistake to believe that it kills the theatre. Nothing can kill the theatre. No reality is ever so deadening as to end man's hunger for that world of "dimly remembered beauties." How, specifically, has the theatre fared in various countries since the end of World War II? It is amusing to contemplate that Napoleon in 1812, while dawdling in Moscow, drew up a plan for the reorganization of the French State theatre. Most historians believe that this was by way of escape: he wished to persuade himself that his ill-starred campaign was progressing according to plan and that this was the reason he pretended to be preoccupied with such unimportant civilian matter as the theatre in Paris. The truth is that the organization of the French State theatre has always been considered very important by the French Government.

There are four national theatres in Paris: the Opera, the Opera-Comique, l'Odeon, and the Comédie-Française. They depend on the National Ministry of Education and their deficit is paid by the State. The Comédie-Française, to speak only of the dramatic theatre, excels in the production of those classical French masterworks on which every educated Frenchman or Frenchwoman has been weaned for the past 300 years. At any matinee you can see groups of young girls supervised by nostalgic lady teachers reverently enjoying the formal splendors of Corneille or Molière.

The commercial theatre, of which there is a plethora in Paris, has a few very great actors and actresses, but minor parts are often indifferently cast, and stage sets and direction frequently are mediocre. But the present-day French theatre is exceedingly lucky in that it has at its disposal more gifted dramatic writers than any other theatre in the world. There are about ten of them who bring out a new play every year, some even more often. I speak of Sartre, Montherlant, Cocteau, Salacrou, Anouilh, Camus, Ayme, Roussin, not to forget that robust theatrical perennial Henri Bernstein and the distinguished, though less prolific, Claudel, Mauriac, and Gabriel Marcel.

There exists in France, besides the tradition of classical theatre, that other tradition of the "intimate" or study-theatre. It is this theatre which specializes in a fare meant for theatrical gourmets or for those who are prepared to try anything once. In order to promote the interest of new audiences Jean Vilar, leader of the most prominent of these study-theatres, arranges social gatherings where the public meets the artists and balls where they can dance together.

But it is Germany where the theatre is really part of everyday life. Happily, immediately after the war the Allied Occupation authorities understood that to get the theatres running again was as urgent a task as, let's say, restoring the plumbing. It was a tremendous undertaking, considering that every large and almost all smaller cities had their theatres and that 98 per cent of them had been wiped out. Among those destroyed were all but two state theatres. The state theatres had been the foundations of German dramatic culture, and, defeat or no defeat, the show had to go on. As

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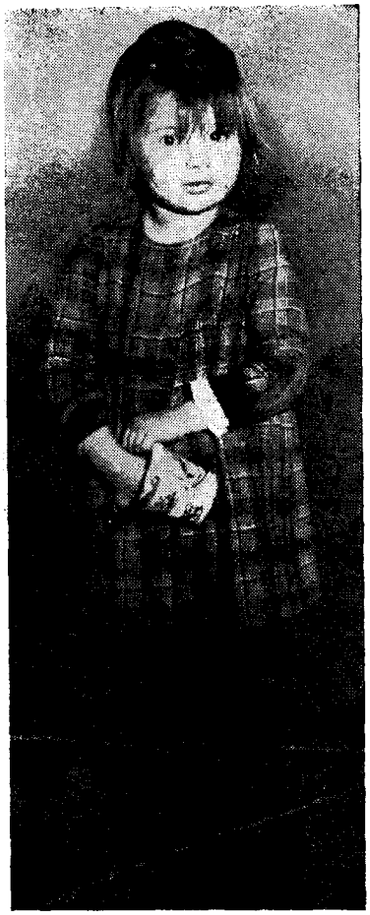
early as the summer of 1945 makeshift theatres were in operation in beer halls, clubs, stock exchanges, and even in some waterproof ruins. They played everything; the classics, opera, and a great many foreign plays.

The Weimar Republic had 257 theatres. Of those, 147 were state and city theatres, fifty-eight were commercial theatres, and fifty-four were specialized theatres. By 1948 the much smaller West Germany alone had 114 theatres, of which eighty-eight were subsidized and twenty-six were commercial. Just because West Germany is devoid of a cultural center—Berlin today is an outpost, not a capital—the decentralized theatre system which the German Republic inherited from the monarchy has assumed new importance. Some of the most talented German directors have taken over theatres in small provincial towns and bring out remarkable productions. Still, Berlin remains the theatre town *par excellence*, and the East sector vies with the West sector in theatrical accomplishment.

THE Germans have some very fine actors and directors, but they have only two dramatic writers. One is the Communist Bert Brecht, who works in the East Zone but whose work is performed in the West, too. His propaganda is comparatively discreet. His last work, the before-mentioned "Mother Courage," is a sample of the so-called epic theatre which came up in Germany almost thirty years ago. Showing the sad fate of the campfollower Mother Courage and her children throughout the Thirty Years War, it means to get the point across that war is hell. But it also gets another point across: namely, that it doesn't matter what side you are on in a war; war is hell. There are indications that the Russians didn't relish the implications of such total pacifism and that Brecht is under a cloud.

A much greater success with West German audiences was Carl Zuckmayer's "The Devil's General." Zuckmayer wrote this play on a farm in Vermont during the war, but it captures the sights and sounds and the feel of the Third Reich in a manner which the Germans find uncanny and very exciting. Zuckmayer is the only German dramatist who draws his material from the European reality of the last twenty years. His last play deals with the French Resistance. It is astounding that in a country which crackles with drama and tragedy there are no more writers who try to employ such tempting raw material. So far Zuckmayer has remained the only one. Most of the dramatic fare the West Germans get is American. Some of the Broadway hits like "Life with Father" and "Voice of the Turtle"



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were well received. Others, like "The Women," were successful, but on a dangerously false basis, insofar as they left the German audiences with the impression that such plays revealed how their conquerors lived at home.

CONTRARY to the prestige which the theatre has long enjoyed on the Continent, the English-speaking world has only spasmodically recognized its standing as a respectable art. Neither in England nor in the United States is the theatre the requirement of cultural life it is in Germany and the Scandinavian countries. Somehow, the puritanical attitude which condemned stage plays during the Commonwealth as "sinful, heathenish, lewd, ungodly spectacles and most pernicious corruptions"—I am quoting William Prynne—still lingers in the Anglo-Saxon subconscious. When, for instance, the governor of the State of New York, during a recent coal shortage, considered closing "every theatre, pool-room, and bowling alley" in New York City he clearly ranked the theatre as a diversion instead of recognizing it as a cultural instrument. Still, there is a growing awareness of the theatre's importance to civilization and of the protection it deserves. The interest which the British Government has in recent years been taking in the theatre is a case in point.

Britain does not have a Ministry of Fine Arts or anything of the sort. Instead she operates through the Arts Council of Great Britain, to which a Royal Charter was granted in 1946. The Arts Council is a notable institution. Its stated purpose is to develop " a greater knowledge, understanding, and practice of fine arts exclusively, and in particular, to increase the accessibility of the fine arts to the public . . ." While sponsored by the Government and supported by a Government grant, the Arts Council is divided into three departments: drama, music, and art. Its annual grant from the British Treasury was £675,000 in 1950-51. The Council, in turn, gives financial assistance to non-profit groups or charitable trusts capable of bringing to the people entertainment of a high standard. Among them were such exalted institutions as the Sadler's Wells Company and the Old Vic, Britain's unofficial National Theatre.

Now let us turn to the United States and its theatre. It is unique in that it still relies almost entirely on private financing. Neither the Federal Government nor the states nor the cities supports it, with the exception of the Barter Theatre of Virginia, which receives a state subsidy of $10,000 annually. This means that the American theatre must make money or collapse. The result is a theatrical system which radiates from Broadway, in New York—a space infinitely small in relation to the country. The few blocks which constitute theatrical Broadway produced in the season of 1950-51 ninety plays, both new productions and revivals; twenty-one other plays were held over from previous seasons. It is estimated that 9,260,000 people attended the Broadway theatres in the course of that season, which is an all-time low.

There are many people who look down their noses on the "crass commercialism" of the Broadway theatre. It promotes, they say, the ascendancy of the most trivial form of theatrical entertainment, the musical comedy. It is true that musical comedies enjoy great popularity on Broadway and some of them run for years. But it is also true, as Rosamond Gilder pointed out, that American musical comedy has become "a true art form which the joint efforts of highly skilled writers, musicians, artists, choreographers, and directors have brought to high perfection."

For the rest, it would seem, the taste of Broadway—its sordid commercialism notwithstanding—prevails for better or for worse in large parts of the world. Which is proved by the fact that many Broadway hits are played with success almost anywhere. I must say here what I have said before: great plays never came by the dozens, and I believe that Broadway produces more than its share of interesting plays.

The drawback to the American theatre and its dependence on private financing is not so much in the commercialism of Broadway as in the fact that there exists virtually no professional theatre anywhere outside of Broadway. This sad state of affairs is incomprehensible to Europeans; it seems to indicate that the theatre plays hardly any part in the daily life of the overwhelming majority of the American people. The conclusion most frequently drawn is that the theatre has been supplanted by the movie.

The true picture is not quite as dark as all that. There are first of all road companies which bring the Broadway plays to large and small cities. Then there are the so-called summer theatres, which, between June and October, attract large audiences in many places. There are also professional winter stock companies operating in the United States; thirty years ago there were hundreds of them. Since then the number has decreased to a mere handful but they have been picking up lately, which is a significant and hopeful sign.

But—and this is something of which few people outside of the United States are aware—the fact is that theatrical culture in the United States is carried by the amateur theatre rather than by the professional theatre. Amateur theatre of all kinds, including community, educational, and semiprofessional theatre, has been steadily growing in the last twenty years and at a pace which is staggering to the imagination. If you lump together all the groups which make up the amateur theatre of the United States you find that it is fifty to 100 times as large as the professional theatre. In a city such as Detroit or Cleveland there are upwards of 500 amateur productions in a season. Tens of thousands of others are being made by nearly half-a-million groups in the United States. Even in hamlets of fifty people there exists some theatre group. Every high school, every college in the States has its theatre-producing unit.

There are throughout the country some 300 modern, perfectly equipped theatres which surpass many a professional Broadway theatre in technical refinement. The only trouble with this amateur theatre is that it shows even less inclination to experi-

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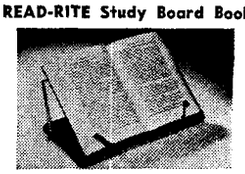

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ment than Broadway. Colleges and universities are chiefly engaged in producing warmed-over plays of the commercial theatre. This applies also to the community theatres. A survey for 1949-50 shows that of 879 productions brought out by 185 community theatres only forty-five were originals, while 709 were Broadway plays. Are amateur theatres so timid or lacking in originality they cannot identify a talent when it's not consecrated by Broadway?

We are beginning in the United States to see that one cannot equate the movie with the theatre. The living actor gives the stage an enormous advantage in creative audience-sharing over the more mechanized stimuli of the motion picture. Of course, there are occasional great movies, but the predominant employment of mechanical instrumentation usually leads to a craft rather than to artistic excellence and the deeper satisfactions of the theatre.

HOW is the theatre doing in the world which is not so free—the world behind the Iron Curtain? There is perhaps no other country which has a greater national affinity to the theatre than Russia. The names of Stanislawski, of Mayerhoff, of Tchekov evoke delight in the hearts of all theatrelovers. Up to about 1936 the Soviet theatre functioned in comparative freedom. Theatrical artists enjoyed considerable privileges; they were well housed, well dressed, and well paid. The Kremlin, realizing that the Russian theatre enjoyed world fame, took considerable pride in it. It still does, for that matter. Moscow still counts fifteen big national theatres, each with its own creative traditions and style. Their production level is still of the highest. But each year thought control and censorship weigh more heavily on these wonderful theatres.

True, the Russians are still allowed to play Gogol, Tolstoy, Tchekov, and even Shakespeare and Calderon. But generally plays which fail to carry the Marxist message are stigmatized as "formalistic," "naturalistic," or "cosmopolitan." "Cosmopolitan" is the worst criticism which can befall a Russian dramatist. The suspicion that he believes in the universality of art and in the possibility of an artistic *rapprochement* between East and West makes a writer very unloved all around. Then, too, one can only pity the playwrights who are scolded by *Pravda* for ignoring themes arising from the great new power-and-irrigation projects, the feats of progressive workers and collective farmers, and the growth of Russian culture and living comforts.

Poland, Czechoslovakia, and all the other satellites take their cue from Moscow's theatre policy. Theoretically they see in the theatre an instrument designed to educate the perfect Communist citizen and frown on "counter-revolutionary" plays which advocate views contrary to the party line. In practice the satellites still make concessions to bourgeois taste. In Poland especially, where there reigns an immense enthusiasm for theatre, they still play musical comedies American style. It is interesting to note that Warsaw, with a population of 700,000 people, has twelve professional theatres and only nine film houses. It is the only large city in the world which has more legitimate playhouses than movies, and yet the Poles say that they could easily fill ten more theatres.

As I said before, censorship and thought-control stifle the theatre, but they don't kill it. Nothing can really kill it. But we cannot be content with indestructibility. We must ask how theatre can be brought to its most perfect flowering at a time when its spiritual aid is so greatly needed by a suffering humanity.

The old Greeks knew the curative effect of the theatre. Up on the hills, overlooking the great hospital city of Epidaurus, they built a large theatre. Here the sick who underwent the therapy of the healing waters of the springs also underwent the spiritual therapy of the theatre. The theatre is still a hospital of the spirit. Both the clown and the poet serve as part of its health-restoring and strength-renewing personnel. Both provide the cleansing, replenishing element of man's examination of himself. This is why the theatre must receive governmental assistance, preferably through regional rather than central agencies. And it must be free of political control. The personal and intellectual freedom of all peoples, the enjoyment of physical and mental health by a peaceful world, are merely stages of advance in the preparation of man for his ensuing achievements in art. In terms of finalities, art is as abstract and intangible as democracy. Democracy is a stream, an urgency toward, and an evidence of the good in man's spirit. Although by its nature it can never have a definite culmination, a point of final accomplishment where man can some day stand and regard everything behind him as an approach to a realized perfection, it must never halt or civilization will die.

The theatre as a form of art sheds light, a light governments should keep burning so that at every pause of his journey man may look at himself, and by what he sees be encouraged to continue to his destiny.

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What Is Necessary

Continued from page 23

veto of the permanent members of the Security Council, it is naturally assumed that amendments purporting to strengthen the United Nations at the expense of the Big Power veto and of the principle of state sovereignty will have little if any chance of adoption.

Nevertheless, necessity is still the mother of invention. Our need is for peace, no longer as a mere convenience but as the indispensable condition of human survival. This thought will not sink easily, for men's minds have been inured to situations of measurable and surmountable danger. But the irrevocable finality of the danger we face will inevitably moderate the prevailing pessimism and compel all Member States, especially the Great Powers, to be more receptive to proposals for the revision of the Charter of the United Nations no matter how radical they may seem.

IN CONSIDERING amendments, the yardstick should not be what seems possible in the context of the present international situation, but rather what is necessary to enable mankind to avoid atomic destruction. Accordingly, any and all proposals should merit careful consideration which would make it possible for the United Nations to cope with this danger. Such proposals would certainly include: the restriction of the scope of domestic jurisdiction and of the concept of state sovereignty, the limitation or abolition of the veto, the establishment of a system of weighted representation of the Member States, the abolition of permanent seats in the Security Council, and the placing in the hands of the United Nations the means to enforce decisions involving international peace and security, particularly as regards the regulation of armaments, control of atomic energy, and prohibition of atomic weapons.

There are those who will say, "This is 'world government' "—and dismiss such proposals as utopian and impractical. But in the present context of human affairs any revision of the United Nations Charter would be less than practical unless it attempted wisely and courageously to bridge the gap between what is possible and what is necessary. This can be done only by a bold new approach upon the problem of international organization, undeterred by the limitations of past or present experience.

The alternative is to let the world drift willy-nilly towards disaster, borne on the ancient tides of power politics and war. It is much later than we think. —CARLOS P. ROMULO.

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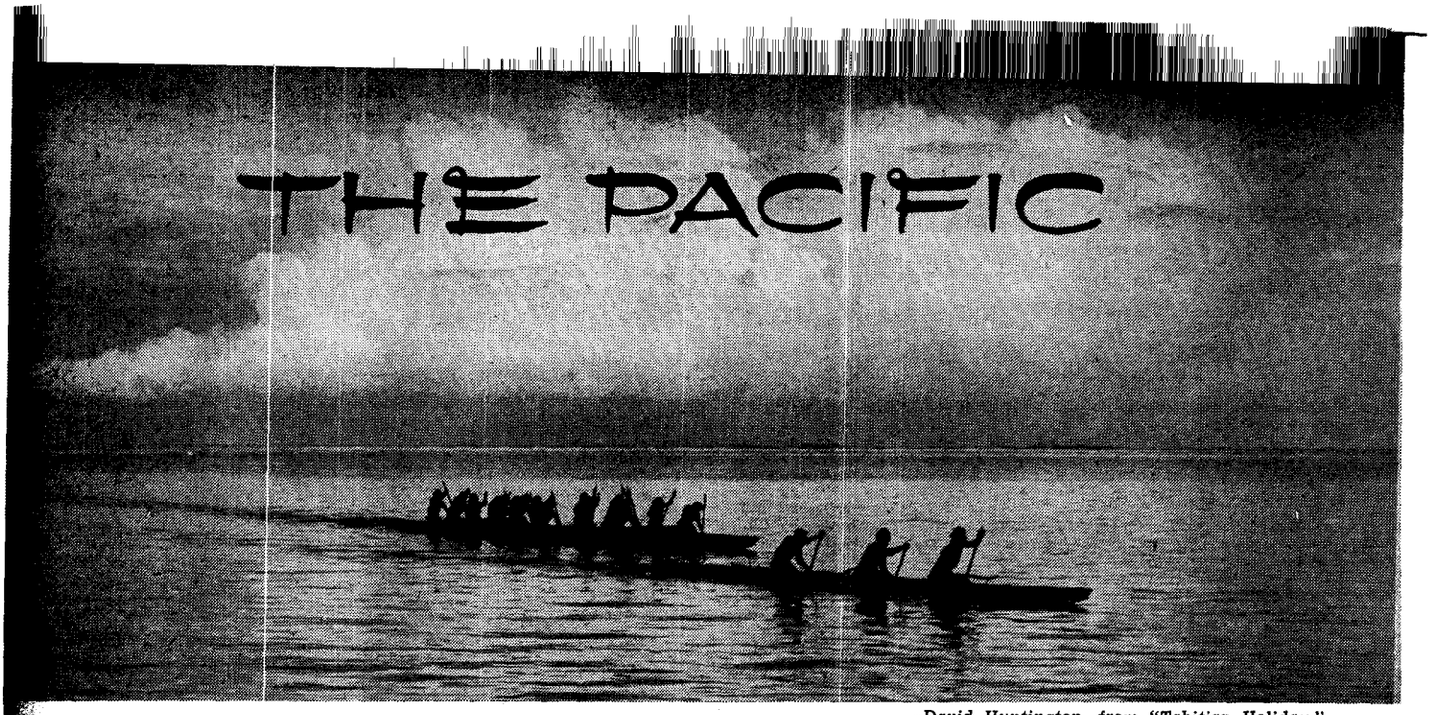


—David Huntington, from "Tahitian Holiday."

A new world, a world of water, seventy million square miles of it, floating with palmy islands, strange lands, and whole continents, a world inhabited by exotic races, a world once available only to the adventurous and the intrepid is about to unfold for that tireless gadabout, the American traveler.

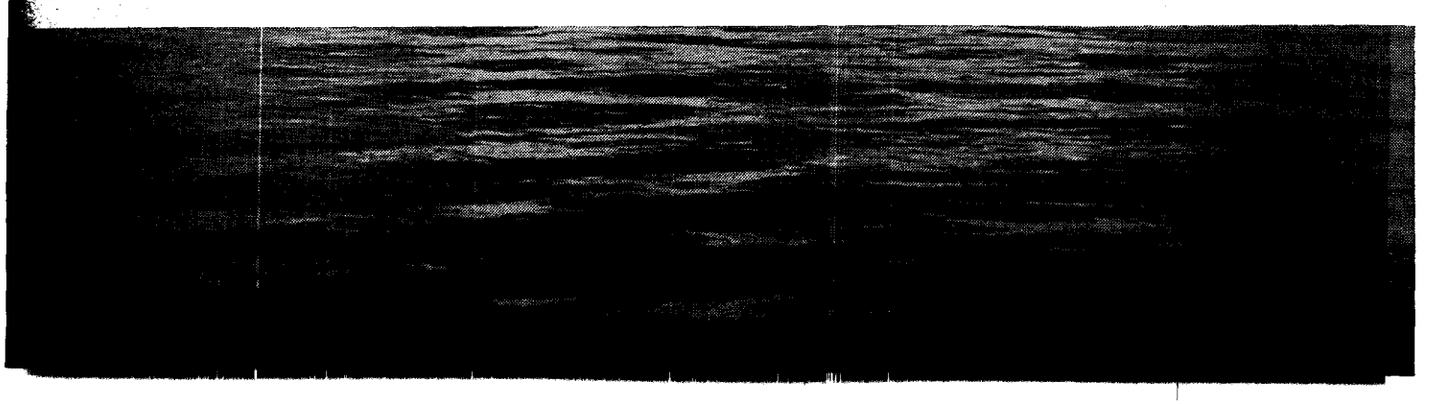
The new tourist air fares make an excursion from America to Japan just $158 more than a first-class flight from America to Britain. Last spring United Airlines sent its first DC-7 winging on a one-stop dawn-to-dusk flight from New York to Honolulu. Pan-American Airways has announced that it will be able to fly to Japan nonstop from the West Coast in twelve and one-half hours by 1956. A new airline will start overnight operations soon from Honolulu to Tahiti.

On the surface of the sea, American President Lines is spending $66 million in new tonnage to back up its conviction in the Pacific. Two glamour ships are already on the drawing board. A million dollars each will be spent on the *President Cleveland* and the *President Wilson* to meet the requirements of coming Pacific traffic.

Next week in San Francisco 1,500 high priests of American holidays will come together at the brink of the Pacific to talk about the nation's vacations. After the meetings hundreds of travel agents will scatter westward to see the sea for themselves. The choice of a site for the annual World Travel Congress means a new tourist parade, for what the agents like they sell.

WITH singular appropriateness this special report on the Pacific, appearing now in October, began last May 12,000 feet above that remarkable ocean somewhere between San Francisco and Honolulu. As we sat in the lounge of United's DC-7 on that memorable dawn-to-dusk flight James Michener agreed to answer for *SR* the question of why men of the arts have, generation after generation, sailed the Pacific in search of ideas.

Flying back from the islands we picked up photographer Ewing Krainin, and he traveled with us on the homeward leg of what had been for him an eight-month, round-the-world picture-making tour. From a magnificent collection we picked the cover of this issue. Another photographer, Eliot Elisofon of *Life,* was just home from a 25,000-mile picture tour of the Pacific, and he has written his impressions of Samoa, Fiji, and Tahiti. *The Reader's Digest* roving editor J. P. McEvoy had been roving in the Philippines. In between a five-a-week syndicated column he sent us "I'll Take Manila," with instructions to send his check to Monsignor Reilly. "We will all pray for you," wrote McEvoy (*Continued on page* 66)



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THE SEA OF THE TALENTED TRAVELER

By JAMES MICHENER

WHY has the Pacific Ocean consistently called forth great writing? Conrad, Herman Melville, Pierre Loti, James Norman Hall, Somerset Maugham, and Rupert Brooke come promptly to mind. What similar septet of skill and magnificent imagery devoted themselves to the Atlantic? Or the Indian Ocean? Or to the Antarctic? Strangely, not even the immeasurably more historic Mediterranean has attracted so many superior talents, even though the mighty Homer was called into being by the sweep of its expanse.

In reading a recent anthology called "The Spell of the Pacific," by Grove Day and Carl Stroven, two University of Hawaii professors, one is struck by the surprising number of first-rate talents who devoted at least part of their lives to writing about the Pacific. It was curious to observe that in many instances men who later were to write about other parts of the world, or who were to devote themselves to other themes, were remembered mainly for their oceanic writings.

The Pacific also lured many lesser talents who served it with passion and conviction. Well represented in the Stroven and Day anthology are two writers who consistently give me more pleasure—more assurance, that is, that I am in the hands of one who really knew the vast ocean—than any of the leading seven. Louis Becke, who worked around the turn of the century, was the first of these two great authentic reporters. He wrote a blend of fact-and-fiction; but he was a complete realist and a man whose love of nature was apparent in all he wrote.

More notable, and meriting a careful biography, was Robert Dean Frisbie, who will be judged in the years to come a finer writer and a richer man than some of his now more famous contemporaries. He was a man pursued by God and the governments of this earth. He fought himself more valiantly than he fought nature. He knew the meaning of love and hate and fear. Frisbie was a most extraordinary man.

In addition, the Pacific entertained the great explorers: Bougainville, La Perouse, Dampier, and those two immortal, God-fearing captains of such dissimilar quality, Bligh and Cook. No other ocean in the world begins to have such loving accounts of its exploration. Some of these men went to other seas as well as the Pacific, but it was this intolerably vast and lonely ocean that called forth their observations.

And here we reach a major problem. The Stroven and Day anthology brings this problem into acute relief, but it attempts no answer. Why has the Pacific Ocean consistently called forth great writing? The answer is manifold, and I am not sure that I know it. But here are my current guesses.

FIRST, the Pacific is a young area. Many of its coral islands were not born when Athens prospered. Its incessant rim of volcanoes is younger than those in other parts of the world. Surely its peopling—probably from Asia—came very late in world history. Even its discovery occurred only a few generations ago. The impressive islands of Hawaii, for example, were not even known until 1778, when the United States was already an independent nation.

Second, because of this youth, those men who came to the Pacific always saw the area in comparison with the matured civilizations from which they came. Old worlds that were already beginning to run down made this new world seem brilliant by contrast, and one is impressed that so many of the early men who came into the area measured their experiences and reflections against the speculations of Rousseau. Thus the freshness of the Pacific invited and sustained a freshness of mind.

Third, because of the enormous emptiness of the Pacific there had to be days in the foul ships when a man could do nothing but think. I really do not understand how a man could wander about the Pacific for long without becoming something of a philosopher.

Fourth, when an island is reached—even an island as large as the New Zealand islands—the voyager is apt to be more attentive to what he finds. To sail for twenty days, even now, and to come at last upon a speck of land, an infinitesimal island lacking even trees, drives the imagination to an intimate study of that island. I am sure that thousands of voyagers who reach Europe each year never see a single foot of that intricate continent with the same clear understanding that many have applied to some Pacific coral reef.

Fifth, and I have always felt that

—Eliot Elisofon, courtesy of Time, Inc.

Fiji Islander—"speculations of Rousseau."

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this was one of the major considerations, one cannot live or travel in the Pacific without being constantly aware of nature. The stars hang low in the dustless air; the ocean can never be far away. The roaring surf echoes through the quiet room. The sun is blazing hot and close. The island is so small that people cannot be avoided. Like many men, I date my friendship with the universe from those days during the last war when I had nothing else to do but become acquainted with the jungle, the rolling surf and stars. Not for a moment do I believe that nature on Puka-puka is any more intimate or revealing than in Westchester County. The difference is that if you are stuck on Puka-puka you have simply got to be aware of the terrible hurricane or the star-studded sky or the mysteries of the reef. In Westchester you can ignore the worms in your garden, and even the flowers.

Sixth, and this again is a frequently overlooked point, most of the European travelers to the Pacific were men and most of those who wrote well came at a time when social mores at home were stultified if not downright stuffy. The sexual holiday that many of these men enjoyed in the Pacific deeply influenced their attitudes. One can never forget the entries in the skippers' logs: "The men being restive after the long days at sea, we put into Tahiti." Frequently the same logs later report how difficult it was to get the men, no longer restive, out of Tahiti. In fact, that's why the *Bounty* mutinied.

Seventh, beyond all the above factors there must be a more persuasive one that still eludes me. There is something about the Pacific that is mysterious and wonderful. The spaces are so vast and so empty. The colors of the sea are so varied, the sound of an island at night, when you are hove-to off shore, so beguiling that if one can write at all he is tempted to try his hand at reporting this mystery.

In many ways, travel to outer space will awaken in potential writers the same sense of awful mystery that the Pacific did a century ago. Then men will experience another strange sensation of voyaging into totally new worlds, and one can confidently predict that great and moving books will result.

FOR an American contemplation of the Pacific and its effect upon writers leads to interesting reflections. Why, in view of America's colorful history, does the greatest American novel deal not with New England or Chicago, but with a white whale ploughing through the South Pacific?

Why, considering the novels of the last war, were the finest ones laid in the Pacific? Certainly events in Europe and Africa were more inherently interesting, yet James Jones wrote about Hawaii on the eve of war. Norman Mailer wrote about rotten little islands to the west. Thomas Heggen dealt with the lonely and tedious Pacific in classic patterns. Ira Wolfert was so deeply impressed that he wrote his notable novel of the islands two different ways. And Harold Uris placed his fine account of men at war in the Pacific.

One thinks of a different kind of novel, like Ernest Gann's "The High and the Mighty," and wonders if any American novelist seeking the maximum emotional overtones of a theme would think of placing such an incident in the Atlantic Ocean. Somehow the color of the affair immediately fades in the colder ocean, whereas the same story located in the vast Pacific promptly assumes a fortuitous emotion that lends color to every chapter.

Today anyone traveling through the Pacific will discover for himself most of the ideas suggested above, and if he browses through a San Francisco or Honolulu bookstore he will probably come upon both the Stroven and Day anthology and the leading works of most of the writers mentioned, but there are two extraordinary books which most travelers miss, and this is a pity, for these works are probably the very best introductions to this strange part of the world.

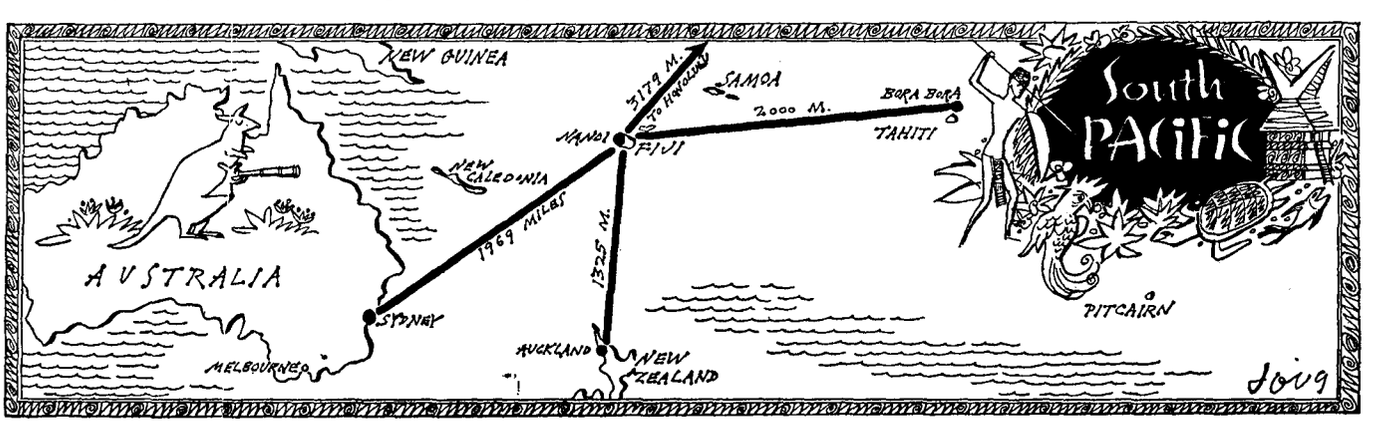
Captain James Cook's travels, issued in several different forms, are excellent reading. Repeatedly I confirm my opinion that Cook was one of the noblest men who ever traveled this area. A man of unusual courage, rare foresight, and a decency not common in his age, he was almost without blemish. The record of his explorations constantly discloses a searching mind and a kindly spirit.

THE second book is by Eleanor Dark, the Australian novelist. "The Timeless Land" reports in most skilful fiction the settlement of Australia, and although this sprawling continent is somewhat removed from the areas of which we have been speaking, no other book that I know—not even those dealing with America—tells in such mysterious and evocative form of the coming of the white man to a pristine civilization.

In addition to the most lonely spots on earth, the Pacific also contains—along the shore of Asia—some of the most crowded, and anyone who travels to Tahiti or Fiji or Australia would be wise to swing northward also to Singapore, Hong Kong, and Tokyo. The richness of this society I need not elaborate here, but I can assure the traveler that some crowded nation like Japan, visited in conjunction with a remote and empty island like New Guinea, will vitally stimulate the imagination.

Today, of course, one needs no such involved reason for visiting the Pacific. It is the highway to Asia, the pathway to much of the future. That it is also a brilliant and evocative section of the world, calculated to set the mind ablaze with new ideas, is an added incentive.

I can imagine no better trip in the world than to head out across the Pacific, to see the islands, and to come at last upon the shore of Asia. This is a voyage in meaning, a trip to comprehension, and a vacation in the future. Excursions like that are hard to find.



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SAN FRANCISCO

The Swinging Door

By STAN DELAPLANE

AS A MATTER of fact, San Francisco is less of a gateway than a swinging door. Like the ones on the old-time saloon. The door swung inward more than it swung out.

While I have been to the Orient a good many times, I might well have stayed home. The only thing that changed was the climate and the money. San Francisco is pretty Oriental. And if you care to hang around the Embarcadero or Harpoon Louie's saloon you can find more Dutch and Indian and Indonesian sailors, and Hong Kong cooks and Japanese navigators, than you do in any port outside Limehouse.

The Chinese outnumber all the rest. Some 20,000 of them have been crowded in twenty square blocks since I was a young molder of public opinion on the San Francisco dailies.

They came with the Gold Rush. By 1853, or thereabouts, there were 100,000 plus in the Mother Lode. Giving such names that last today as Chinese Diggings, Chinaman's Gulch, China Camp, and so on.

Mainly they worked the tailings. That is, they worked over the dumps that white Forty-niners had already worked.

My great-grandfather dug gold up around Fiddletown in 1850. He wrote home that the Chinese were a caution. I don't know that this proves anything. Grandpa thought anybody who didn't come from Coles County, Illinois, was a caution. Anyway, most of the Argonauts agreed that the heathen Chinese was peculiar. As set down by Bret Harte in his "Ballad of Truthful James."

The most peculiar thing about the Chinese is that they stayed being peculiar. Many a time I have dusted off to San Francisco's Chinatown to check out some weird story. And often found it just as weird—or more so—than originally touted.

Chinese funerals still thread narrow Grant Avenue with its neon Chinese characters and its curved rooftops. (A curved rooftop is dearly beloved of the Chinese devils, who slide down them like you would slide down a bannister. When he hits the bottom the curve throws the devil off into the air.)

I covered the funerals of Mrs. Yee and Wong Goon Duck. Mile-long processions filled with brass bands and ceremonial pauses so that the deceased could check the household.

CHINESE worked on the railroads for the Central Pacific when it raced the Union Pacific's Irishmen to Promontory, Utah.

Chinese worked as houseboys and still do. They are the laundrymen of San Francisco. Artists still look for their old brass blower sprays. They top any airbrush machine for putting fixative on a charcoal drawing.

The unobtrusive Chinese had a flair for detective work and was used as a spotter by the cable-car companies. The cable-car was never adapted to the fare box and the companies still depend on the honesty of the conductor to ring up the change.

It was a Chinese on the abandoned Clay Street Line who accounted for the name of the famous conductor "No Ding-Ding Charlie."

Some conductors pocketed the nickels they took by curious systems. There was a conductor, for instance, who claimed as his share only buffalo nickels. "Burning the buffaloes."

"No Ding-Ding Charlie" pocketed all Chinese fares after midnight.

"Whassa matta, no ding-ding?" said the Chinese spotter.

"No ding-ding, Charlie, after twelve o'clock," said the conductor. Thus creating a legend and a name for himself in the city's history.

Of course, Chinese were not the only Orientals to come through the swinging doors of the Golden Gate.

The Japanese moved into San Francisco in large numbers and their sukiyaki-parlor signs are still legible under the new paint in the Fillmore district.

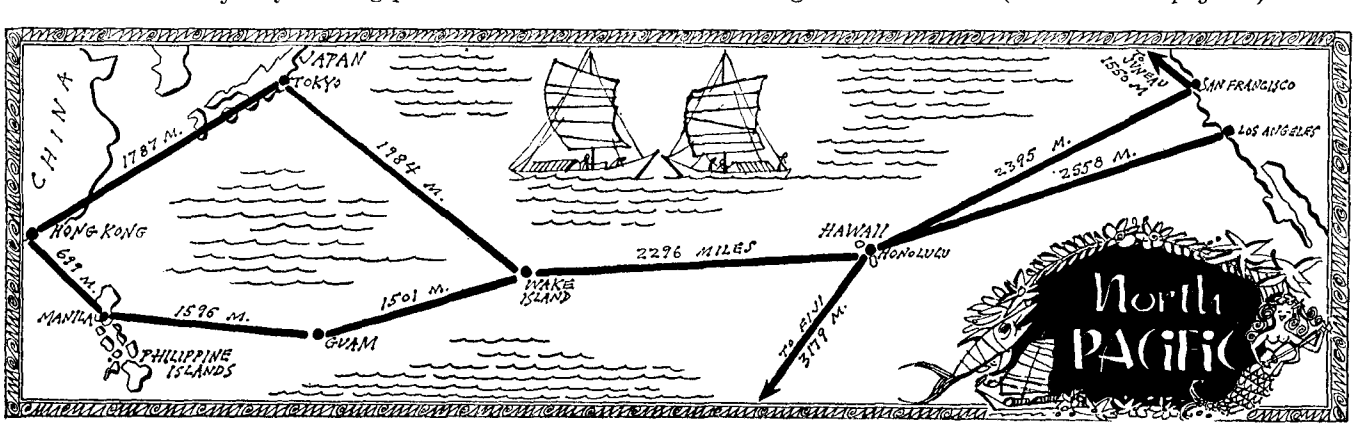
But the war moved them out to relocation camps and scattered them so that they never have recovered. There are only two sukiyaki places in San Francisco now—one on California and the other on Pacific. If you go down to Yamamoto, just above Chinatown on California Street's cable-car, you can get as fine sashime as they serve behind the Asahi building in Tokyo.

A fair population of Filipinos moved through the Golden Gate and spread down into the Salinas Valley, where they provided stoop-labor in the multimillion-dollar lettuce crop.

Today most of the Filipinos have graduated to the skilled-labor class. They are irrigators. And the stoop-labor has been taken over by Mexican wet-backs who keep crossing the border and are continually being flown home. A curious migration.

The Indians found no great home in San Francisco. You can get Bombay curry at the India House on Washington Street, below the Hall of Justice. But the majority of Indians on the street are from British ships un-

(*Continued on page* 61)



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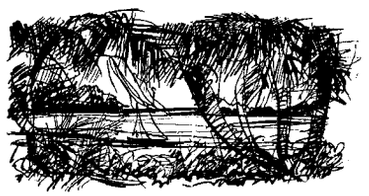
THE DESSERT ISLANDS



By LEONARD LYONS

WHEN Frank Sinatra returned from a honeymoon in Honolulu he described the romantic delights of the Hawaiian Islands to George Jessel. Sinatra's eyes yawned —opening wide, and then half-shutting—as he recited the memories of his Pacific pleasures: the crescent moon over Diamond Head; the tall palms swaying to the breeze from the sea; the *mynah* birds chattering in chorus with the rolling surf at Waikiki; the slow, haunting songs to which the hula girls had danced.

"Oh, sure, sure," was Jessel's reply. "But you went there on a honeymoon with Ava Gardner. Would you say the same things if you'd gone there with Sophie Tucker?"

Last June I took my second look at the Hawaiian Islands, accompanied neither by Miss Tucker nor by Miss Gardner—but by a group of people who resembled both. That is, most of them had figures like Sophie Tucker's and dialogue like Ava Gardner's—crisp sentences of monosyllabic words. They were fellow newspapermen, hoarding their eloquent comments for their own typewriters.

Each arrival in Hawaii has meant music, dancers, and *leis*, the trinity for all Island tourists, coming or going. The *leis*, fragrant and multicolored flowers, are placed around the visitors' necks, making each look and feel like a winning racehorse. The *lei* is Hawaii's confetti, welcomed by all except a few rare females who sometimes complain that the colors conflict with their lipstick or nail-polish. It is a warm salute, from people whose attitude towards all *malahini*—newcomers to the Islands—is: "You are welcome until you prove you are not."

Honolulu is on the island of Oahu. There are four other major islands: Maui, Hawaii, Kauai, and Molokai, linked by two local airlines. During my first visit I went island-hopping with Clark Lee, the late war correspondent, and his wife, Liliuokalani, whose forebears ruled these lands. The distances by air are short and in two days we managed to see the waterfalls of Kauai and the lush Hanalei Valley; the summits of the Molokai hills and the vast, dormant volcano called Haleakala.

We drove along the lava flows from Mauna Loa and through the Fern Forest whose jungle leaves are forty feet high. The cold I'd caught in Tokyo disappeared in an overnight's stay and sulphur-bath at Volcano House. We swam in the blue waters of Lanikai and cruised to Ed Pauley's Coconut Island retreat.

There was music everywhere, for Hawaii is a place where two's company and three's an orchestra. I saw a ukulele passed among and played by legislators, civil servants, Hawaiian princesses, and bellboys at the inns, without a beat lost or a note flattened. Politicians campaign with music and hulas. "You will find little violence here," said a lady Senator. "It's because we have an outlet for our emotions, in singing and dancing and swimming. The surf and the music give quick relief to our feelings."

The second visit to the islands began with music at the Royal Hawaiian, and a hula danced by Duke Kahanamoku, the famed swimmer who is sheriff of Honolulu. He had been elected unanimously, after only one brief campaign speech. "My speech," he said "was fifty-two seconds. No, fifty-two and two-fifths seconds." He once won a gold medal for swimming 100 yards in fifty-two and two-fifths seconds. The medal is worn by his wife, the former Nadine Alexander, who starred in Broadway musicals. She now owns all his medals.

"When she first asked me for one of my medals," said Kahanamoku, "I told her, 'No. If I give you one I may lose you and the medal. Marry me, and you can have them all'."

WE saw the torch-fishermen wading at night off Waikiki, flare on back and spear in hand, pinioning the fish blinded by the glare. James Michener, a member of our party, then took us for a drive along Kalakaua Avenue, past the store-fronts and new hotels, up to Wilhelmina Drive overlooking the city and the lights of Pearl Harbor. We ended the long day at the Club Ginza, a Japanese nightclub featuring an all-Tokyo girlie-show whose chorus-line came out of Butterfly but whose strut was straight from Minsky's.

The morning sun was bright, and we boarded a craft at the Outrigger Canoe Club. Kahanamoku put me in the lead-seat while he perched in back, where the paddle in his large, powerful hands could catch the waves that would ride us, on their crest, from beyond the reefs to the distant shore. George Shearing, the blind pianist, once gripped Duke's hands and sighed enviously: "What chords."

We drove around the island of Oahu, through the papaya and banana groves and around the Koolau Range, to a dream house atop a cliff at Pupeka. From its windows spread, on three sides, the sapphire and emerald waters of the South Pacific. And when we returned to Honolulu James Michener signed a life-time lease on this property.

There were *hulas* everywhere, at the Honolulu Airport, where we embarked for Maui, aboard the plane—where the stewardesses and even the co-pilot sang and danced—and at the airfield near the Hana-Maui Hotel.

At Hamoa Beach the strong currents sweep the swimmers towards the dark boulders around the bend from the Sacred Fish Ponds. Michener was caught by a giant wave which upended him. He finally regained his footing and his breath, and waded safely out of the ungrateful South Pacific. The seas off Kona, at the large Inn, also were disrespectful to the author whose books have spread the glory of the islands. The surf stormed in across the black lava rock and tumbled over the sea wall—drenching Michener as he stood beside the swimming pool.

There were *hulas* at the Kona Inn too, and aboard the cruise-boat to the rim of Keelakekua Bay. The dancers seem intent upon stirring the little bit of Reverend Davidson that lurks within all males who visit the islands. There were glass-bottomed boats to which we transferred at the Bay, and a guide to show us and then to catch bright fish at play in the coral.

The cliffs around the bay rise steep from the waters, and in the caves still visible are buried the ancient kings who once made the runs from the mountain-tops, down the "King's Slide," balancing on banana leaves underfoot like champion dry-skiers. There's a little bit of England at Keelakekua Bay: the monument to Captain Cook. The American Government deeded the plot to England so that Britain's foremost explorer, the man who discovered these islands, could lie forever on British soil.

There was time for a swim before

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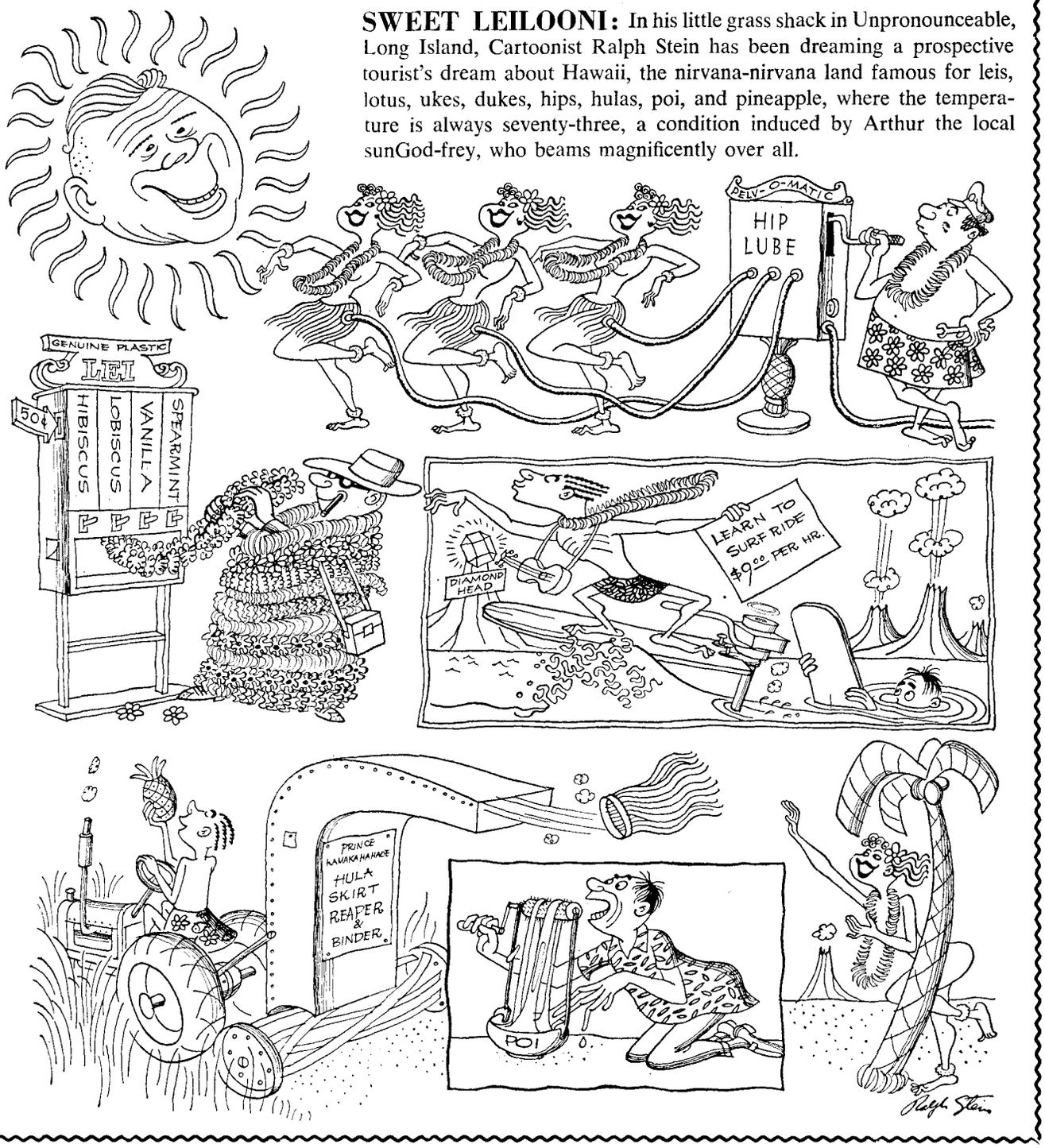
SWEET LEILOONI: In his little grass shack in Unpronounceable, Long Island, Cartoonist Ralph Stein has been dreaming a prospective tourist's dream about Hawaii, the nirvana-nirvana land famous for leis, lotus, ukes, dukes, hips, hulas, poi, and pineapple, where the temperature is always seventy-three, a condition induced by Arthur the local sunGod-frey, who beams magnificently over all.



departing. There's always time for a swim, in these islands. "Swimming is the best sport," said Kahanamoku, "because you can't get hurt." He once tried football, he said, and sadly pressed his thumb against his nose, to show how it is flattened. Duke started breaking swimming records when he was a beach-boy at Waikiki, and in 1911 the people of Honolulu raised enough money to send him to Pittsburgh, to prove his speed to the skeptical mainlanders.

In his first meet he dived into the pool, swam a few yards and collapsed, because the water was too cold for him. The next day he tried again, and broke the world's record. He has dived into the Pacific from a Lurliner, and also dived into the Atlantic from a liner anchored off Cobh. He returns to Waikiki to preside at the funeral whenever a beach-boy dies. To Kahanamoku goes the solemn duty of riding the lead canoe in the procession to the reefs. And when they turn and catch a wave for the long glide back he tosses the ashes into the water just as the wave breaks, then sweeps with it into Waikiki.

There too are tossed the leis from the voyagers returning to the mainland. The flowers and the ashes vanish, but not the memories. Never the memories. They linger, whether your companion has been Ava Gardner or Sophie Tucker or a group of newspapermen, in faded Aloha shirts, hardened to all and humming "Aloha."

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The Far Side of Fuji

By FRANK B. GIBNEY

NO COUNTRY has had a stiffer traveler's stereotype to contend with than Japan—quaint politeness, cherry blossoms, kimono, and Mount Fuji—the most compact poster material you could find. Like a good many stereotypes, there is some truth behind the poster picture of Japan. But there is a great deal more to see in Japan that alternately explains and conflicts with the surface image. This is why Japan ought to be visited, to to speak, in some depth. A traveler in the United States, to get a fair impression of a large country with many varieties of land and people, must necessarily cover a good deal of ground on his trip. A country like Japan—its beauties as well as its defects, crowded, complicated, and very peculiar to itself—is more apt to demand a detailed visit in a particular place rather than a long nationwide tour.

The Japanese, despite the evidence of varying racial ancestries, are bound together in the world's tightest national family relationship. Thanks to deep tradition and a rigid code of manners—reinforced by the most modern school and transportation system in Asia—the lumberman in Hokkaido, the farmer worker in the Kanto plain of Honshu, and the coal miner in Kyushu are very strikingly, at least for the purpose of a tourist's observations, quite the same fellow.

In each one of these areas, however, a short stay will equally well give a visitor some idea of the complicated system of levels in Japanese life—different castes and traditions squeezed one upon the other within narrow confines—that make the Japanese what they are—a nation possessed of as many layers as a piece of fine Kyoto lacquer. There is the level of industrial civilization grafted onto a world of feudal manners. There is the complication of an aristocratic class, however watered down it is, that still keeps a distinction between itself and the sturdy lower orders as firm as anywhere in the world. There is in the mood of the country a curious workaday practicality wedded to a most pervasive sense of abstract beauty, the kind of beauty that may manifest itself in city gardens, the corner of an office, or a finely drawn letter.

THE CITIES: Japan is essentially a one-city country. Tokyo is *the* city, despite the wealth, size, and industrial development of places like Osaka, Nagoya, or Yokohama, or the beauty of the old capital at Kyoto. Tokyo is now, as it long has been, quite the model of a metropolis, with its quota of large concrete buildings, theatres, shops, and high-priced restaurants. But indistinguishable from the modern element is the feeling of an old Japanese city.

In a temple grove not far from some of Tokyo's tallest buildings, for example, is the shrine of the forty-seven *Ronin*, those classic feudal stalwarts of Tokugawa Japan who committed suicide *en masse* after avenging their master's death. A few blocks from the Yurakuza Theatre (temporarily during Occupation days called by the U.S. Army the Ernie Pyle), an Oriental version of the Radio City Music Hall, there are quiet inns, complete with intimate courtyards, gardens with stunted trees, and beautifully austere rooms, where the only sounds come from the laughter of the entertaining *geisha* and the plink of the *samisen* accompaniment.

Such contrasts occur in a lot of cities. But in Tokyo they are not sharply distinct. They may look incongruous in juxtaposition, but they blend nonetheless, and seem after a while very natural, like the classic illustration of the Japanese gentleman wearing a derby and a kimono.

Kyoto is an overnight rail trip from Tokyo and is Japan's living museum—a little livelier than the museums at Nikko, in the mountains, where the old Tokugawa temples are, or Nara, between Tokyo and Osaka, which preserves the relics of Japan's cultured eighth- and ninth-century courts. But its pace is slower than any of the more industrial cities of Japan. In Kyoto the tourist will find the most leisurely inns, the most painstaking craftsmen, the most polished *geisha*—and, also, some of the slickest experts in Japan at extracting *yen* from the tourist who craves Japan's higher-priced souvenirs.

THE HIGHROADS: There are two great highroads in Japan, and a number of large byways, that take the traveler into the heart of the country. The first is the best known, the Tokaido, or Eastern Sea Road, that started getting familiar to most people before they ever came to Japan through the medium of Hiroshige's famous woodblock prints—the fifty-three stages of the Tokaido.

The Tokaido, these days, has its machine shops, garages, and factories. But for great lengths of the road it

—*Horace Sutton.*

"The Japanese . . . are bound together in the world's tightest national family relationship."

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can be a re-creation of Tokugawa Japan two or three centuries ago, in the days after the great Ieyasu had centralized his empire and made all roads lead northward to Tokyo. I remember seeing Mishima, the town south of Tokyo, during a snowstorm, while driving down this road, and finding the view of the wooden whitened roofs scarcely any different from the classic Mishima of Hiroshige's print. The inns along this road, some of them, are very fine, especially a few along the sea.

The Tokaido, the land road, is the newer of Japan's two great highroads. The older begins where the Tokaido leaves off, at Osaka. It is the route by the Inland Sea, past the Island of Shikoku (the country cousin among the four main Japanese islands), to the rocky southern island of Kyushu, the traditional and historical cradle of the Japanese nation.

PRACTICALLY speaking, the easiest way to visit the Inland Sea is by taking one of the excellent small steamers that makes the run from Osaka to Beppu, in Kyushu, within thirty-six hours—preferably with several lay-over stops on the way. This is the oldest part of Japan—a seascape broken by green islands with sandy beaches, amid the boats of fishermen working with patient cooperation and, barring exceptions, primitive methods.

There is the west coast facing on the Japan Sea, the part of the country where Lafcadio Hearn lived so long. On this stormy northern shore, far north of Hearn's old home at Matsue but near the former naval base at Maizuru, is the Bridge of Heaven —*Ama-no-Hashidate*—a long spit of land covered with pine trees projecting out from the shore, with several fine inns near it. This the Japanese, with their bent for classifying and codifying, call one of the "Three Sights" of their country. (The others are islands, Miyajima, near the naval base at Kure, and Matsushima [Pine Island] north of Sendai.)

The Japanese, both in the tourist stereotype and in real life, are very polite people. This makes them good professional hosts—and it is possible to know them on this basis alone. It is of course possible to appreciate Japan, in all its compactness, without ever exchanging a word with any of the inhabitants. This would amount to a traveler's denying himself. The Japanese, in their fusion of so many cultures and attitudes, are a vastly interesting people. No one who spends a week or two in one part of this country, quietly watching the life around him, can fail to catch something of their charm, and their complications.

wonderful
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The God Who Came to Dinner

By THURMAN PRICE

THE THEORY that laughter is good for the digestion harks back to ancient times. In fact, it was the reason dyspeptic kings had need for jesters. In our era, the jester has his substitute . . . the after-dinner speaker and his after-dinner jokes.

In Hawaii, where laughter is chronic, the climate perfect and the pressure of work seldom a bother, they have an anecdote about a native who bragged he was "*part Chinese, part Hawaiian, and part English.*" His friends agreed with the first two but questioned the third. "Why," he replied, "one of my ancestors *ate* Captain Cook."

WHETHER the British Captain came to dinner in Hawaii as a *pièce de résistance* is a moot historical point. We do know that his relationship with the Hawaiians of his time ran the gamut . . . from deification to incineration.

When Captain Cook discovered the "Sandwich Islands," he found the natives still living in the Stone Age. With childlike awe, these stalwart Polynesians solemnly acclaimed him as a god.

BUT LIKE so many gods before him, it soon became evident that the Captain stood on feet of clay. Sensing his mortality, the Hawaiians reached a state of disenchantment. Finally, the strained relations snapped.

In the terrible furor that ensued, Captain Cook was stabbed by a chief's dagger. His battered body was dragged to a temple and there divested of its flesh which was broiled to a turn.

FOR SOME INEXPLICABLE REASON, the natives rescued the poor Captain from complete ignominy by deifying his bones. So, after all, it *can* be said *for* the Captain that, in spite of his bad manners and the loss of everything except his skeleton, he *still* managed to retain his prestige!

Today's Hawaiian welcome is as warm as its climate. You hear *aloha* only 9½ hours after leaving the Mainland by Pan American Clipper. Connections from anywhere in the U.S.A. at Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland or Seattle-Tacoma airports. Daytime and overnight flights. Only Pan American offers big, roomy double-decked "Strato" Clippers* on *both* tourist and first-class service.
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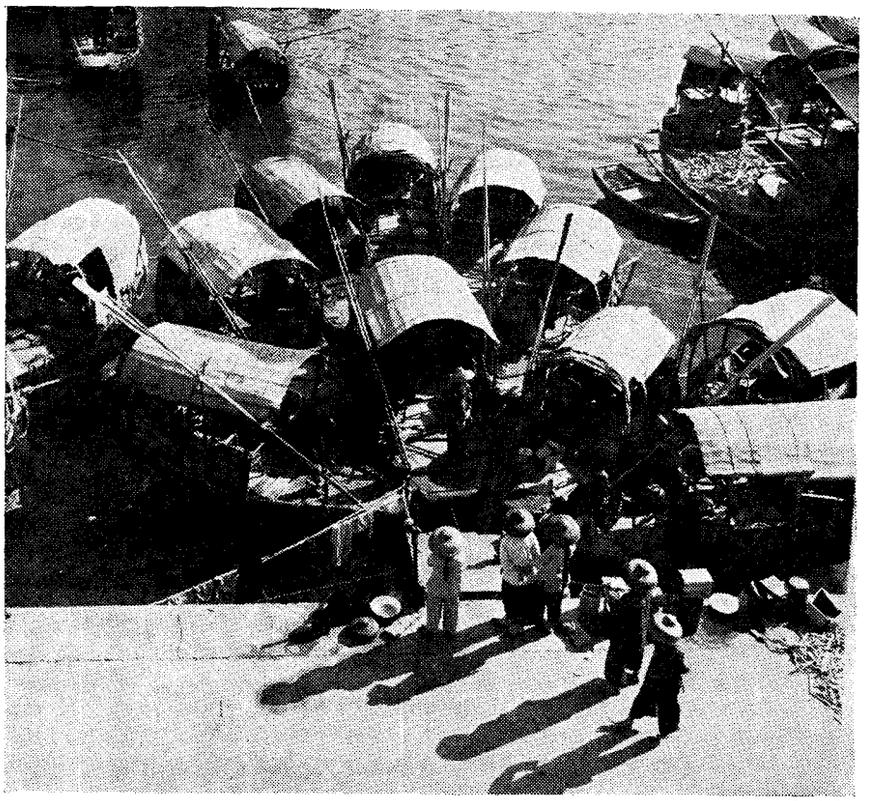
HONG KONG



—*Ewing Krainin.*

Governor Grantham: "We are just simple traders who want to get on with our daily round."

A State of Never Mind

By IRVING HOFFMAN

HONG KONG is a state of never mind.

In 1841 Queen Victoria wrote, "Albert is so much amused at my having got the island of Hong Kong."

Hong Kong amuses me, too—for it's a gay place if you look the other way, ignoring those whom Rabindranath Tagore termed "the poorest and the lowliest and the lost." There are over a million of these poor folk in Hong Kong—most of them refugees who fled the Reds.

To keep this piece gay—after all, *SR* is buying Hoffman and not Lippmann—I'll have to shut out scenes at Rennie's Mill, a refugee colony.

One must not look at Hong Kong through morose colored glasses. For today I must ignore the flight, plight, and fight of Hong Kong's refugees.

One of Hong Kong's main thoroughfares is appropriately tagged "Middle Road." That's the road to take in Hong Kong. For a moment let's tune in on Governor Alexander Grantham, GCMB, who occasionally appears in full ceremonial uniform with white and red plumed helmet and sword. Here he is addressing the Legislative Council:

> On the political side we watch with sympathy what is going on in China. We should like to help that great country in her undoubted difficulties, which, I am sure, she will overcome in time, but meanwhile we cannot permit Hong Kong to be the battleground for contending political parties or ideologies. We are just simple traders who want to get on with our daily round and common task. This may not be very noble, but at any rate it does not disturb others. We do not feel that we have a mandate to reform the rest of the world.

The Chinese sum up the Governor's words in a one-line proverb, "Live under your own hat."

Like Queen Victoria's Albert, I am amused, but also amazed and confused in Hong Kong. Often pronunciation puzzles me, as it did when I first met a man named Ng, which is pronounced Wu. I like to hear the name of Miss Ching-a-Ling,

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which sounds like a bell, and the names of Miss Au Ming Chu and Au Chai. They suggest sneezes. I'll never forget the little crippled hawker nicknamed Hop-along. I am pleased to note that there is a Society for the Preservation of Virtue. My fevered brow is cooled by the mere mention of Mr. Fung Ping-Fan. I purchased shoes at Real No Squeak Young's and thought of Frederic Wakeman while shopping at Sincere's Department Store. On the prowl for camphorwood chests and carved furniture it was difficult to decide where to trade. Tai On, Wai On, Wah On, We On, and You On all have such merchandise on sale.

HONG KONG is alive with ancient Chinese Temples which contribute a great deal to much-needed charity. There is also a synagogue, Obei-Leah, off Robinson Road. The Rev. George She is one of St. Joseph's old Boys. My friend Dr. H. Kai-Gee Wong boasts more initials after his name than the governor. I list Doc Wong's credits: M.G., CH. B, LRCP, LRCS (Edin.), LRFP and S (Glas.) Aw Boon Haw, that other medicine man who manufactured Tiger Balm and published the *Hong Kong Tiger Standard*, often referred to as the "Tiger Rag," is no longer around, having died on September 5, but that cup of monstrosity known as the Tiger Balm Gardens at Causeway Bay still is on view as a tourist distraction. To me it simply proves that a Haw House is not a home.

As to the Tiger Balm product, which continues to sell like rice cakes, S. J. Perelman noted, "I have observed Chinese air passengers rubbing it on their foreheads to forestall air sickness at the same time smearing it furtively on the fuselage to insure the plane's staying aloft." Personally, I prefer Pak Fah Yeow. The White Flower Embrocation, in the large economy size, which can be obtained at The Blessed By Providence, All Curing Medicine Shop. Pak Fah Yeow, as advertised, seems to perform more miracles than Tiger Balm: "Stops itch, kills germs, heals burns and scalds, stops bleeding and pains, cures swelling and blood poisoning, pimples, seasickness."

Mr. Jolly was director of Marine last time I was in port. I urge you to contrast the gray corporate title of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the gay trade name of the Yung Hwa—or Perennially Brilliant Film Studio. Hong Kong's stars include a Miss Pak Yee (White Swallow) and a Miss Chung Ching, which translated literally means Fall in Love. There's a top film actor appropriately named Yen (contrast that with Rock Hud-

(*Continued on page* 63)

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THE SOUTH SEAS

A License to Beachcomb

By ELIOT ELISOFON

TWICE in four years I have journeyed deep into the Pacific in search of a single question. I went probing for the places, scratching for the images which inspired men to great literature and great art. I went to find out whether the South Seas still exist or whether they are by now merely romantic images created by Melville, Loti, Stevenson, O'Brien, and Nordhoff and Hall.

Fiji once teemed with fuzzy-wuzzies sporting huge iron-wood clubs fashioned for easy brain-bashing. Its islanders were once so meticulous they carved beautiful forks so they would not sully their fingers when eating human flesh. I found the island all but overrun now by the descendants of the laborers brought out from India to work the cane.

I sailed in half a day to Mbenga to see what was left of old Fiji. I found the magnificent Polynesian and Melanesian limbs covered with nondescript bits of khaki and cotton instead of the old soft tapa cloth. Half the men had trimmed down to a crew cut the wonderful bushy helmets of black hair that once made them unique. Still, there was much that remained. I was guest at a *kava* ceremony and made welcome with a murky concoction squeezed from the roots of a pepper bush. I drank while all assembled kept up a steady hand-clap beat that did not finish until the half-shell cup was tossed to the ground to show that not a drop had been wasted.

Then I was presented with a whale's tooth, once the most treasured possession of the Pacific, and well I might have been, coming as I did with $400 to pay for the great fire-walking ceremony which I was to photograph. When the arrangements were complete thirty men chopped away at the largest trees in sight. The logs were thrown into a large pit, and a great fire started. Stones were strewn over the burning logs and by morning they were white hot.

The elders gathered in the privacy of a nearby hut for meditation and incantations. They emerged glistening with coconut oil, wearing skirts of *tapa* cloth streamers and grass. Then, with no discomfort that was apparent, they walked across the rocks. This much of old Fiji remains.

Samoa now is perhaps the most sedate and Christian place in Polynesia, but it wasn't always that way. The villages are groups of native huts, just roof and floor built over a mound of coral. There are a few breadfruit trees, some scrawny dogs, and pigs fighting over the scraps of coconut meat left in the shell, but each settlement has a massive church hewn out of coral blocks, designed in every mode from Gothic to Victorian.

To see for myself the place that inspired Somerset Maugham's "Rain" I made the overnight trip by launch to Pago Pago in American Samoa, and wished that I hadn't bothered. Pago Pago has a beautiful bay and anchorage of interest to the U.S. Navy but they have departed, too, leaving a motley collection of instalations.

I got up before dawn one day to take advantage of the cool hours, and climbed the steep, overgrown trail from Vailima, where Robert Louis Stevenson built a European house complete with fireplaces, to the top of the hill where he lies entombed alongside his wife. The prospect from there is magnificent, but the most pleasureable moment came after the descent when I stopped at the small pool Stevenson built to catch the cool waters of a river before it meandered to the sea. Dawn was breaking and I thought of Stevenson's lines, "The first experience can never be repeated. The first love, the first sunrise, the first South Sea Island, are memories apart . . ."

TAHITI is so perfect you may be trapped. No one wants to leave.

William Albert Robinson, who sailed 10,000 leagues over the seas only to succumb to Tahiti, took me out one day to his favorite enchanted valley. I saw the surf breaking gently into a narrow inlet framed on both sides by slender coconut palms. Wild yellow hibiscus grew at their trunks. The earth was a carpet of bright green grass until it reached sand, and after that was the sea. Two native girls in red and blue *pareus*, their black hair flowing long behind them, waded out across the coral floor of the sea.

The inlet led to a lagoon nearly covered with lily pads and the soft purple stalks of water hyacinth. A white horse crossed the sweet waters of the river that fed the lagoon, rippling the reflection of the sky. Beyond the hills began to rise out of this coastal

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plain, and from a mountain a long, thin finger of water fell for almost a hundred feet into a dark pool bordered with delicate moss and fragile ferns.

I never knew what a realist Gauguin was until I saw Tahiti. This beauty will never change. Some concrete buildings may be added to Papeete's quayside, but the natural splendor remains. From the windows of Papeete's Yacht Club—which is a bistro and no club at all—you can sit and stare at Moorea, a smaller island, and perhaps the most striking one in the Pacific. In the afternoon it seems to float on the horizon, but at sundown its high peaks turn blackish purple, and its highest peak, which Melville called a "silent marlin spike," catches every cloud.

While you watch you eat. You start with raw fish marinated in lime juice and coconut milk. After that there is a choice of steak rubbed with a bit of garlic or perhaps roast lamb or veal, *pommes frîtes*, and salad. For dessert a big fat mango, chilled and cut in two, which is better than the best Elberta peach or the ripest cantaloupe, and is reminiscent of both. All this, with *vin ordinaire*, for two dollars. A small native-styled bungalow at the Royal Tahitian or Les Tropiques is about $50 a week.

Nowadays you almost need a license to be a beachcomber. You can't come unless you have a return ticket, for the islands are tired of banana tourists. If you are at all intrepid even further riches lie in the blue beyond Tahiti. Trading schooners will take you to the Low Islands, strung like seventy oval necklaces, or the volcanic Marquesas, where Melville jumped ship and entered Typee Valley, then the home of the dreaded cannibals of the Pacific. With one old man and ten young ones I hacked through the black jungle and found the *hoolah* (hula) grounds and photographed the terrible *tikis*, idols carved from massive lava stones. Here Melville quailed in fear of becoming a sacrifice.

You can see, too, Gauguin's Atuana Valley, where he spent the last fruitful years of his life. I walked up lavendar Temetiu Mountain, used so often in his last paintings, up the same trail Gauguin climbed, intent on self-destruction after finishing one of his greatest works, "d'Où Venons-Nous, Que Sommes-Nous, Où Allons-Nous." The land is as lovely as when he saw it. And, indeed, Gauguin lies there still. As for the painting, it hangs now on the other side of the world, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, to be exact, where I suspect it fills viewers with idle thoughts about the South Seas.

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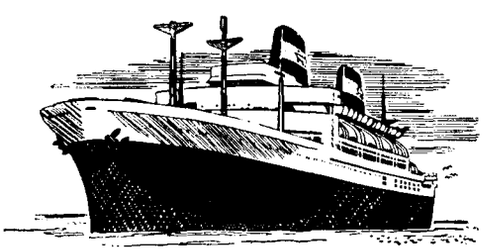

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THE PHILIPPINES

I'll Take Manila

By J. P. McEVOY

WHEN I got off the plane in Manila the reporters asked me what I thought of the Philippines, and I said, "Give me three days and a bayside room at the Manila Hotel and I'll be an expert." Later another reporter came to me—a bright young girl reporter . . . very pretty too . . . most unfair. She said, "You've been here ten days, now you must be a real expert." I said, "Too late. Three days and everything is very clear in a new country, but after that everything fades rapidly."

"So what are you doing now?" she asked. I said, "I am organizing my ignorance under the general headings of rumor, official statements, and statistics."

Now I find I have enough left over to make a short but misleading piece on travel—if I squeeze out the usual honey-coated adjectives. Tourists, color blind and tone deaf to travel prose, are struck dumber than usual by the glory of Manila sunsets. In fact, they are so lavish you find yourself muttering, "Come now, don't overdo it."

Manila Bay, famous for what Dewey did to the Spanish fleet there and what the Japanese did to us—and then later what we did to the Japanese—where was I?—well, there it is, all full of sunken wrecks stuck up out of the water—very dramatic—surrounded by amateur salvage hunters who make up little family picnics, row out to a hulk, whittle some scrap off of it, and bring it back to sell to the neighborhood junk man. Highly illegal, but all the more fun for that.

When I was out there a cruise ship came in with 500 tourists. All wanted to see just two things—Bataan and Corregidor. Their Manila hosts had a good laugh about this.

"The Bataan peninsula is thataway," they said, pointing vaguely in the general direction of the Bayview Hotel, and then they added, "But you can't go there."

"How about Corregidor?"

That really broke them up.

"You can't get there either." And they explained rather proudly that it was a military reservation and it would take weeks to get permission to land and then you couldn't land because the pier had been shot up and ditto for the airstrip even if there were planes flying over there, which they aren't, while the boat trip there and back takes all day but there are no boats.

Manila is the capital of the Philippines. A good cosmetic job has been done to cover up the ravages of war, but like most facelifting jobs there is a strained look about it. The old Spanish town inside the wall is gone and the old Spanish ruins have been replaced by new American wrecks built as shrines to industry, commerce, and other kinds of international shenanigans. There are many islands, about 3,000 I'm told, most of which nobody has ever seen that I know of. The largest ones are full of scenery, some horizontal, some vertical. The brave tourists who have torn themselves out of the attractive Manila air-cooled bars and shining shops and ventured as far as Zamboanga—"Where the monkeys have no tails"—report there are wonderful beaches, gorgeous mountains, uninspired food, and the goddamest roads. So fly everywhere you can and carry a box lunch.

Of course, the one famous spot where every tourist will want to go is Corregidor, which can be seen from Manila like a great big gray elephant lying low in the water on the horizon.

If somebody doesn't get in there with a machete pretty soon all the wrecked guns and beat-up barracks will be overgrown and there won't even be a trace left of General MacArthur, which gives you some idea of the stubborn tenacity of the jungle.

The Philippine Tourist Bureau talks about making a sanctuary and a tourist attraction out of Corregidor. It would be a wonderful thing to do—but artists should make the plans. They should decide what to leave, what to take away, and how to dramatize the pitiful wreckage of this one-time great fortress, defended for so long at such cost. Otherwise the engineers with the bulldozers will clean up everything and leave it nice and neat like a parking lot.

AN ANSWER to McEvoy's hopes is Executive Order 58 in which President Magsaysay declared the battlefield areas of Corregidor and Bataan National Shrines. At the same time he also created a National Shrines Commission with orders to remove dangerous military objects and to glorify "the memory and scenes of Philippine-American resistance to aggression."

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Down Under

"THE friendliest and most hospitable people are the Australians." Thus a seasoned traveler summed up his reactions to a brief exposure to our cousins down under. It is probably because Americans and Australians seem to have so much in common that they get along so well. The Australian is cocky, confident, and outgiving. His country is still the land of opportunity, in a pioneering stage, with new frontiers to conquer, similar to that of the United States toward the end of the last century. He is getting to know Italian, German, Dutch, French, and Slavic immigrants in a melting-pot situation similar to ours. And he also feels—although we were acting primarily to protect our own country—that if it hadn't been for the Yanks Australia would not have had help in stemming the southern thrust of the Japanese in World War II. We're pals.

It is this rapport, this entente, which makes it a pleasure to visit Australia and neighboring New Zealand.

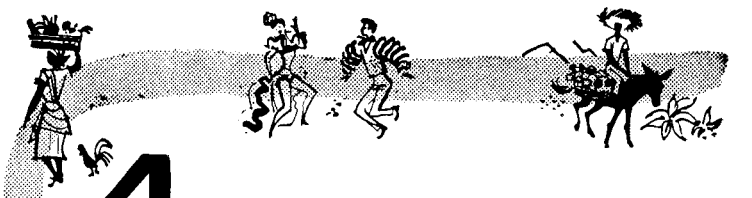
Sightseeing in Australia has a way of starting at the famed zoo at Sydney, possibly because it is about the only place a tourist is liable to see a live kangaroo. Also on hand are koala bears, duckbilled platypuses, kookaburras, and other denizens.

But there is much to see in the land beyond the fauna—from the ski slopes of Mt. Kosciusko to the busy metropolitan areas of Melbourne and Adelaide to the desert ride north to Port Darwin. What amazes Americans most of all, however, is the so-called "swill hour." In some sections of Australia, notably New South Wales, bars must close at 6 P.M., and patrons stand five and six deep at the bar trying to obtain and down as many beers as possible between the end of work and the closing hour.

Most Australian hotels are geared primarily to handle domestic trade, so that the traveler will not find the emphasis on catering to tourists which is noted in Europe. The food in this sheepraising country is rather stolidly British, but the influx of "new Australians" from Europe is tending to introduce a little more variety to the cuisine.

As for souvenirs, the information clerks in Sydney's large department stores have a pretty good idea of what Americans usually buy, and when you ask where the toy koala bears are you find out they are sold on the third floor, with the additional information that boomerangs are in the souvenir department in the basement.

—BEACH CONGER.



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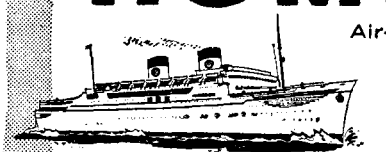

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Up Yonder

THE people who write travel folders have a favorite cliche for places that are wild, woodsy, and remote. The label they love is "Last Frontier." Among a multitude of last frontiers Alaska, naturally, occupies a senior position; it has been one so often. And this in spite of the fact that nowadays one is likely to find more tourists than frontiersmen in the territory's remote places.

Alaska can be reached in any one of three ways: by sea, by air, or by highway. Many tourists like to go up one way, come back another. The trip along the Canadian and Southeast Alaskan coasts is one of the most satisfying cruises for the money to be had anywhere. The coastline, with its snowy peaks, its fiords, its forests, and its iceberg-begetting glaciers, is spectacularly scenic. A typical ten-day cruise starting and ending at Vancouver and including stops at Prince Rupert, Ketchikan, Juneau, Sitka, and Skagway can be had for around $235.

Still, you haven't experienced Alaska in the real sense until you have visited the heart of the territory, watched the Northern Lights crackling through the night, gazed across a muskeg wilderness, or seen the icy cap of Mt. McKinley riding a raft of clouds. Anchorage and Fairbanks, both easily reached by air from the United States, are jumping-off places for just about anywhere in the deeper interior. Neither is particularly interesting in its own right, though Fairbanks does retain some remnants of its old-time mining-camp flavor.

Visitors to Alaska quickly discover that the territory is deficient in good hotels and that the cost of living is higher than anywhere in the United States, including New York. Standard quotation for a room with private bath in the better Anchorage and Fairbanks hotels is $13 a day for two persons. And often space is hard to find even at this price. Cheaper accommodations can be had if you are not fussy about appearances. Restaurant bills run extremely high. A haircut costs $2.50. As for souvenirs, you'll do as well or better to buy them in Seattle; many of them are made there anyway. A certain amount of authentic Eskimo and Indian handiwork is obtainable, much of it junky, but even this is overpriced in most shops.

Soaking the tourist is a popular Alaskan sport. The open season runs from June through August, after which public interest turns to bigger game—moose, caribou, bear, mountain sheep. —A. T. STEELE.

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Delaplane

Continued from page 49

loading copra off the Embarcadero.

It is the Chinese who lay the incense smoke and the sound of temple bells on the city of seven hills.

It is the Chinese whose firecrackers exorcise the Oriental demons on feast days.

And it is the Chinese ceremonial lion, Tze-Tze, who dances in Chinatown streets, gobbling money and lettuce suspended on a string while fat Chinese merchants look on approvingly.

Chinese children go to American schools and come home to go to Chinese school. A Chinatown family loses tremendous face if the children do not speak and write Chinese.

"Breadeater" is the name for a Chinese who fails to keep his China traditions.

ELDERLY Chinese are buried in San Francisco cemeteries. But after an interval the body is disinterred and the bones cleaned and packed in cans for return to the green Hills of Canton.

Even the names (to the Chinese) are unchanged. San Francisco in Chinese is still "Gold Hill."

Grant Avenue is "Dupont Kai." Because it used to be Dupont Street.

Waverly Place is "The Street of T'ien How Temple."

Two of the most famous restaurants are Trader Vic's and Skipper Kent's. Both went to the South Seas for decoration. But they went to the Cantonese for the almond chicken and the Peking duck and the golden fried shrimp that you find on the menu.

Most of the eating in San Francisco, however, is from the sunny hills of Tuscany. And even French-named restaurants have a flavor of Chianti and *bel paesi.*

Bardelli's on O'Farrell Street, Larry's and Vanessi's on opposite corners of Broadway just above the old Barbary Coast, Ernie's and Piro's on Montgomery Street are famed and rightly so for top food.

Julius's Castle on Telegraph Hill specializes in banana fritters. Hot and brown with a topping of melting whipped cream dusted with cinnamon. This was an old San Francisco favorite. But not many restaurants serve it anymore.

Place Pigalle, out in the Marina district, is new, French, and still hasn't fallen under the Italian spell. Even though the owner was born near the Via Appia.

The Blue Fox (across from the morgue and in an alley by the Hall of Justice) rates high with criminal

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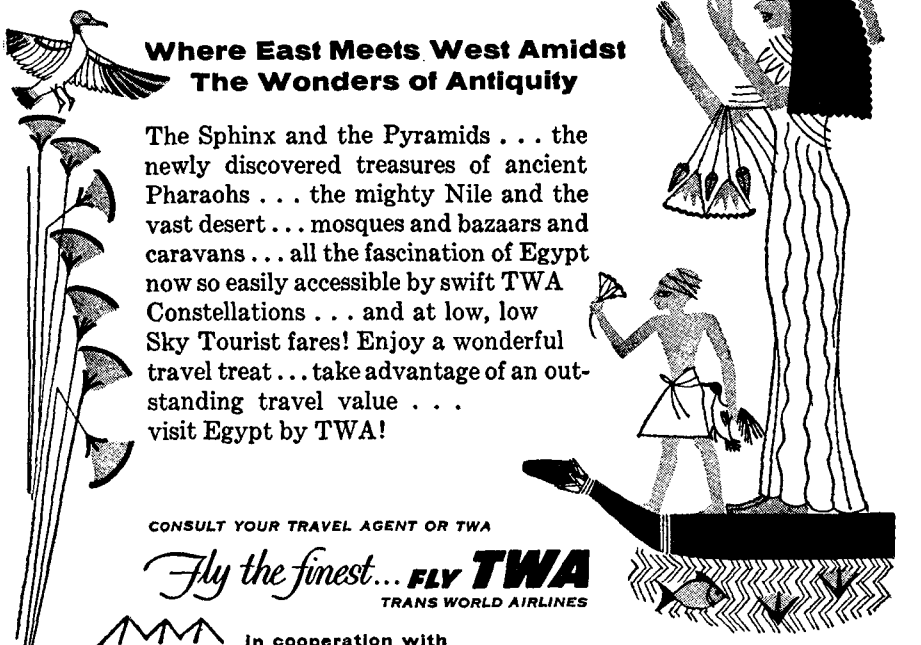

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attorneys, opera stars, bail-bond brokers, and others of the gourmet set.

Tadich's is below the Montgomery Street saloon where the dry martini was invented. It is the greatest of fishhouses, mostly counter seats, and closes promptly at eight o'clock each night.

But, of course, most of the places on Fishermen's Wharf are well known for fish, and San Francisco crab is as fine as any in the world.

The hotels hold the traditions of fine eating. Lucius Beebe, the Eastern raconteur turned publisher in the Nevada ghost town of Virginia City, comes to San Francisco to dine in the Palace.

The St. Francis, Sir Francis Drake's Drake Room (with double-barreled roast beef and Beefeater's martinis), the hilltop Mark Hopkins, and the Gay Nineties-atmosphere Fairmont. All serve top-quality dinners.

NOR should you miss the Mexican food at Al Williams's Papagayo Room in the Fairmont. Or the lunches at the hotel's "men only" Squire Room.

I suppose something should be said about the dishes imported so many years ago from faraway Canton through the Golden Gateway. But it is almost a tradition in San Francisco that you find your own favorite Chinese restaurant.

San Franciscans come to near feuds over the values of beef-chow-yuk in one basement versus sweet-and-sour spareribs in another. Personally I am a follower of Johnny Kan's upstairs place at Grant and Sacramento. But there are plenty of people who will argue for other vendors of peas in oyster sauce and the delicate bean sprout.

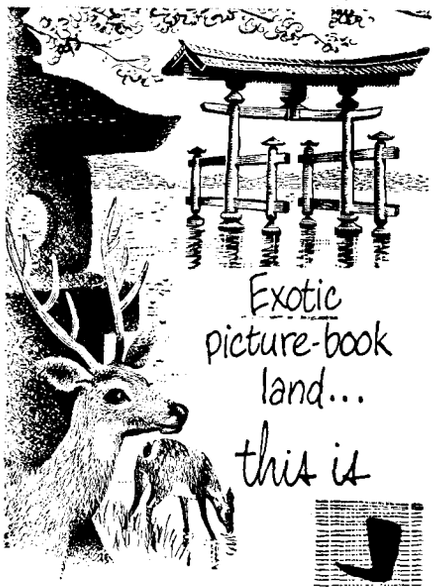
Possibly it was the Chinese who laid the taste for good living upon "Gold Hill." Just as they laid so much flavor of the lands across the blue Pacific. So much of the history you find in the yellow news files.

No San Francisco reporter but feels a journalistic debt to the bland gentlemen my grandfather said were "certainly a caution."

Down at the aging Hall of Justice the press room still sports a lament written on the wall on a dull day. It was written by the young police reporter who later became a famous sportswriter, W. O. McGeehan.

It was lack of news that bored Bill McGeehan when he wrote of a fading tong war and a reformed bail-bond broker:

The Yicks and Yees are puffing
At the pensive pipe of peace
And McDonough's got religion
Nothing doing on police.



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Hoffman

Continued from page 55

son). There is a Miss Ching Ching who sings in a manner accurately described to me as "very charmful." Then there's Ho Fei Fan, a male singer—sort of a Ming Crosby.

An American motion picture was advertised in the Chinese journals as "A gag drama with senseful humors and chic dialogue. In some places in America this picture was prohibited to release, because of multitude of words concerning sex." Police closed a waterfront hotel which displayed this sign, "Welcome seaman—Stateside mattress—Bring your mistress."

Most people seek out wise-men on mountain tops. In Hong Kong I go to Happy Valley to meet my man of learning. He's a philosopher named Ng Yu who not only hands out words of wisdom but gives me tips on the horses (the racetrack is next-door at Happy Valley). I have jotted down some things said by Mr. Yu under the heading "Yu said it." I'm not sure whether the words of wisdom are original with Yu, whether Confucius or Ching Chow first uttered them, or whether he copied them off a calendar of the "Don't Need Cat Exterminator Company," which offers a different saying for each day. At any rate Yu said the following: "When the next war is over there won't be enough hands to applaud the winners" . . . "Civilization is a state of society in which the only people who speak about the future with any confidence are the fortune-tellers" . . . "If you carry a man too long he loses the strength to walk."

MY HONG KONG tailor is Jimmy Chen, at 12A Cameron Road. Recently I did Jimmy a favor. I got him some autographed photographs of a number of American movie stars, and when they arrived Jimmy wrote: "Today is the happy day in my life—happy for receiving your esteemed letter of 17th. When the postman delivered to me the regular mails I was exciting with joy to find the valuable letter. I beg a pardon to one of my customer who is just fitting in my shop and I lost not a second in opening quick and reading your letter. These pictures of movie stars will certainly give me benefit of luck.

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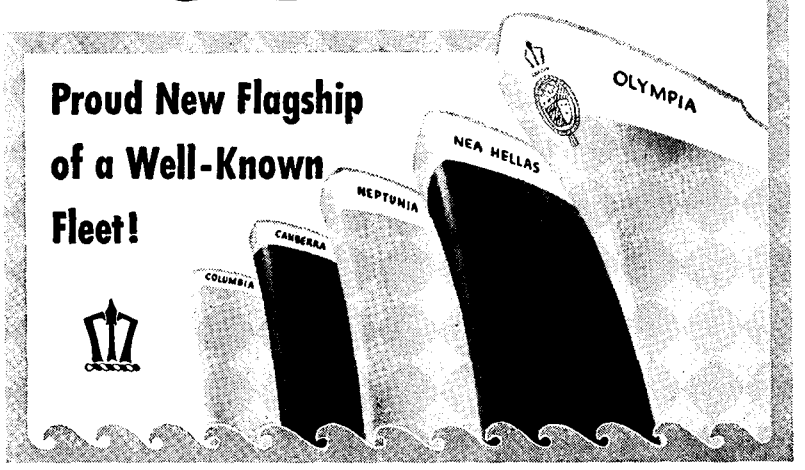

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are so great as to compared with me, the little tiny, but I am too lucky enough that you treated me like brothers. When you come to Hong Kong next time you will find more comfort in sitting and chat with me in this my new shop at Cameron Road. My old one was too small as a hole on the wall.

"Regarding the black silk suit (as you call coolie suit) I like to tell you that this material is the coolest and most durable in wear. The more you wear it, the more soft it becomes, then the more comfortable you will feel it. To avoid the wrinkles, it is very simple. Here are directions:

How to wash, put the suit into the clean water (with no soap) ring it or tremble it to let the sweat go away. Never rub it with hands.

How to dry, pick the suit up when it is wet; use a bamboo and put it on to dry, let the water fall down drop by drop.

"I think the above directions are self-explanatory. Try to follow them and wash the suit. If you could find an old Chinese in your place, ask him to show you one time."

THE USS *Wasp,* a 32,000-ton aircraft carrier, almost lost a naval battle last January when hundreds of Hong Kong tailors buzzed the *Wasp* aboard a fleet of sampans. Police launches were called and Captain Patrick Henry of the *Wasp* finally had to turn a hose on the tailors to keep them from clambering aboard his vessel in an attempt to trade. Subsequently, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Arthur Radford banned tailors and other hawkers from American Naval ships, for security reasons. But the tug of warfare between sailors and tailors continues on shore with Hong Kong tailors yanking Yankee sailors into their shops, loading them up on free liquor, and unloading inferior merchandise on them.

There is a Chinese proverb: "No one can hang the sign outside his door, 'nothing wrong here'." I like Hong Kong and, as MacArthur said about another Asiatic port, I shall return. But the next time there are a few things I shall avoid. I can't say that I like the fish mouths served in some restaurants or the dog, monkey, and mice served in season in some homes. There are RSPCA laws against serving such food, but I guess the harried Hong Kong police, well trained as they are, can't be expected to be good mousers as well. One Chinese who had swallowed a mouse (dipped in honey), and was caught, was charged with "cruelty to animals," and I quote an item from the *Hong Kong Standard:* "A fifty-three-year-

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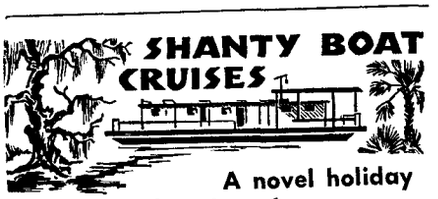

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old unemployed, Leung Fuk, who admitted using a cloth bag and a length of wire to catch cats, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment by Mr. Hing-shing Lo at Central yesterday. Defendant in replying to the magistrate said that he catches cats for his own consumption."

Another thing to avoid in Hong Kong is getting robbed in a rickshaw.

I know—because it happened to me.

One night I arrived in Hong Kong via the Star Ferry from Kowloon. There wasn't a taxi in sight. Only a rickshaw boy who clamored for my trade. In desperation for transportation I climbed into his vehicle, saying, "Sunning House." He trotted briskly off along an unfamiliar avenue. "Sunning House—Hysan Avenue!" I commanded, more emphatically. The rickshaw boy stopped, seemed puzzled, padded a few paces further on, and then halted to swap Chinese chatter with another passing rickshaw boy.

This is a hell of a way to run a rickshaw, I said to myself. This time I shouted, "Sunning House—Hysan Avenue—Causeway Bay!!!"

The rickshaw boy proceeded at a quick run, then turned suddenly into a dark side lane. Half a block down under a street lamp were five Chinese. I recall that the light was diffused with that mysterious and non-illuminating quality shed by the arcs hanging over the pool table in the Van Gogh painting "The Night Cafe," I suspected I was behind the eight ball.

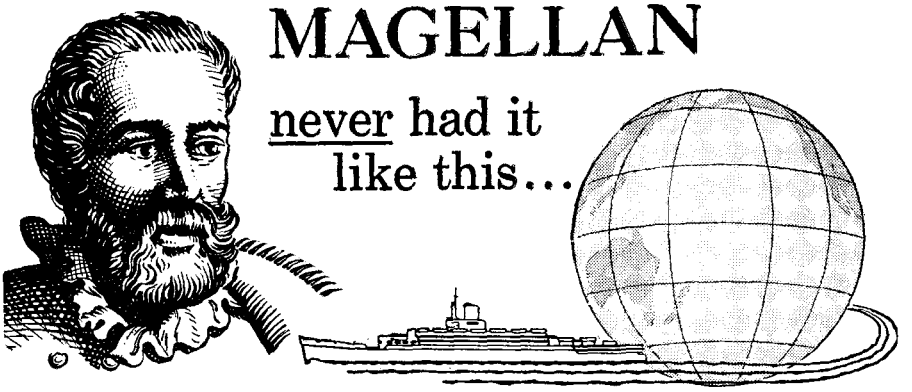
The rickshaw boy dropped the shafts, leaving me seated in a tilted position, which is, as any pinball player will tell you, against the rules of the game. In five seconds the game was over and the five Chinese had fled with my wallet—and in my rickshaw, yet!

Later, back at Sunning House, I estimated my loss at about seventy-five Hong Kong dollars. I picked up the room telephone and gave the Emergency Police Call Number, 999.

"You wish to be called at nine o'clock in the morning, sir?" said the night clerk.

His misunderstanding gave me a brief moment of thought. I realized that if I reported the robbery I would be plunged into a tedious official process. Interviews, statements, examining of photographs, and descriptions. From a painful lack of official institutions I would be confronted with a boring muchness of them. The loss was small—the trouble wasn't worth it.

"Yes," I said, "call me at nine in the morning," and I hung up the phone. Hong Kong, as I started out to say, is a state of never mind.



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Introduction

Continued from Page 46

to us, "and just about in time, too."

Among authors with whom we had no prayer at all was Somerset Maugham. A cabled invitation to contribute brought cabled regrets. To his villa on the French Riviera I dispatched a new request, enclosing three pages of blank paper and a self-addressed stamped envelope. There were no French stamps in New York except those on sale at rare stamp stores, so that's what I bought. I regret that all I have to show for these utterly ingenious efforts is a deadpan answer from "W. S. Maugham" which said, "It is thirty years since I was in the South Seas, and there is nothing whatever I can say about my experiences that I have not already said here and there."

In bringing us further word about Maugham, with whom he had lunched at Villa Mauresque this summer, *New York Post* columnist Leonard Lyons had some Pacific reflections himself. Lyons said he had been reading what he had written about Hawaii on past trips, and he had gotten so excited he wanted to go again. Any man who can sell himself from his own prose is the man to sell Hawaii. (See page 50.)

Unselling Hawaii on the page opposite is Ralph Stein, *This Week*'s cartoon editor who first provided hilarity for the keeper of this department on the pages of *Yank* back in the Foxhole Forties. Another local favorite, Stanton Delaplane, chats about San Francisco, the Pacific's port. Mr. Delaplane's column in *The San Francisco Chronicle* is syndicated by McNaught as far afield as Allentown and Casablanca.

Frank Gibney, who tells about Japan in "The Far Side of Fuji," is senior editor on *Newsweek* and author of "Five Gentlemen of Japan." Beach Conger and A. T. Steele both work for the *New York Herald Tribune*. Mr. Conger as travel editor has recently traveled Down Under, and Mr. Steele as roving correspondent has recently roved Up Yonder, having just spent nine weeks in Alaska. As for Irving Hoffman, who writes on Hongkong, all I can tell you is that he was profiled in *Esquire* by Joseph Wechsberg, is part owner of a geisha house in Japan, sent the first draft of his article in Chinese characters, and finally delivered the English version wearing a kimono and an Oriental beanie. It's been enough to drive an editor to Bora Bora, Pago Pago, or even Mad Mad.

—Horace Sutton.

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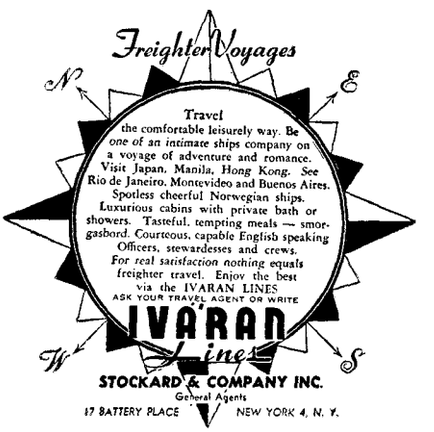
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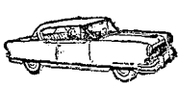

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1074

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Early Texas cattle rancher who never branded his calves (1803-70).	19 193 131 27 81 139 160 173
B. Nickname for the "State" of Nebraska.	20 71 137 166 183 146 13 157
C. Specifying a specially happy or memorable day (comp.).	191 96 179 128 33 44 66 5 55
D. Zoological term for having the hinge teeth of equal size, arranged in long series.	25 42 149 161 106 175 169 189
E. Apparatus by which a ship is steered, comprising rudder and tiller or wheel.	138 93 57 100
F. Be present with a view to listening and learning.	127 10 49 152 87 37
G. Pool at Jerusalem, between the Temple and the Via Dolorosa.	23 144 53 39 89 30 170 104
H. Jumping spider, which does not spin a web.	171 123 38 136 94
I. Composition for nine instruments, or sometimes voices.	185 14 105 124 1
J. Deep-black alloy of sulphur with some other metal.	196 6 107 177 117 110
K. A Bolivian Indian.	18 113 3 122
L. It blows after dark (2 wds.).	133 114 162 95 61 135 121 174 45
M. Frippery; showy trifles.	186 85 176 75 97 63 145
N. Seat of Ohio's Heidelberg Univ.	21 142 51 147 12 36
O. The "Ettrick Shepherd" (1770-1835).	76 50 59 180

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
P. U.S. site of research in nuclear studies after 1947.	184 168 194 46 74 182 134 40
Q. Attendant of a quack doctor at a fair (from physician to Henry VIII; 2 wds.).	129 24 158 108 102 35 155 72 111 181 78
R. Ceremony to mark recognition of special achievement.	187 16 172 130 31 154 167 28
S. Epithet of an "admiral" who cannot exist, a poseur.	119 26 132 56 7
T. Tried by some standard to determine degree of excellence.	77 32 91 99 148 143
U. Village S. of West Point on Hudson River.	79 54 126 178 4 120 83 11 8 192
V. Swiss mathematician, founder of calculus of variation (1707-83).	22 86 73 118 153
W. Odd-looking seabird of the auk family.	65 150 109 48 58 163
X. German-born donor of a college stadium in New York, used in summer for concerts (1849-1938).	17 116 103 164 62 70 92 29
Y. Russian novelist, great-grandson of Kosciusko, whose son is an Amer. illustrator and writer (1878-1927).	101 125 141 165 69 151 90 52 60 80 15 188
Z. Miserly economizing.	156 2 82 159 43 68 34 112 98 47 140 197
Z¹. Adorn by enhancing of effect, or by addition of something gaudy.	64 115 67 190 88 41 195 9 84

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 I	2 Z	3 K	4 U	5 C		6 J	7 S		8 U		9 Z¹	10 F	11 U	12 N	13 B
	14 I	15 Y		16 R	17 X	18 K	19 A	20 B	21 N	22 V		23 G	24 Q	25 D	26 S	27 A
28 R	29 X		30 G	31 R	32 T	33 C	34 Z		35 Q	36 N	37 F		38 H	39 G	40 P	
41 Z¹	42 D	43 Z	44 C		45 L	46 P	47 Z	48 W	49 F		50 O	51 N		52 Y	53 G	54 U
55 C	56 S		57 E	58 W	59 O	60 Y	61 L		62 X	63 M	64 Z¹	65 W	66 C		67 Z¹	68 Z
69 Y	70 X	71 B	72 Q		73 V	74 P	75 M	76 O	77 T		78 Q	79 U	80 Y	81 A	82 Z	
83 U	84 Z¹	85 M		86 V	87 F	88 Z¹	89 G	90 Y	91 T	92 X	93 E	94 H		95 L	96 C	97 M
98 Z	99 T		100 E	101 Y	102 Q		103 X	104 G	105 I	106 D	107 J	108 Q		109 W	110 J	111 Q
	112 Z		113 K	114 L	115 Z¹	116 X	117 J	118 V	119 S	120 U		121 L	122 K	123 H	124 I	125 Y
126 U	127 F	128 C		129 Q	130 R	131 A	132 S	133 L	134 P		135 L	136 H	137 B	138 E	139 A	140 Z
	141 Y	142 N	143 T	144 G	145 M		146 B	147 N		148 T	149 D	150 W	151 Y	152 F	153 V	154 R
155 Q	156 Z	157 B		158 Q	159 Z	160 A	161 D	162 L	163 W	164 X	165 Y	166 B	167 R		168 P	169 D
170 G		171 H	172 R	173 A	174 L	175 D	176 M	177 J	178 U	179 C	180 O	181 Q	182 P		183 B	184 P
185 I	186 M		187 R	188 Y	189 D	190 Z¹	191 C		192 U	193 A	194 P	195 Z¹	196 J	197 Z		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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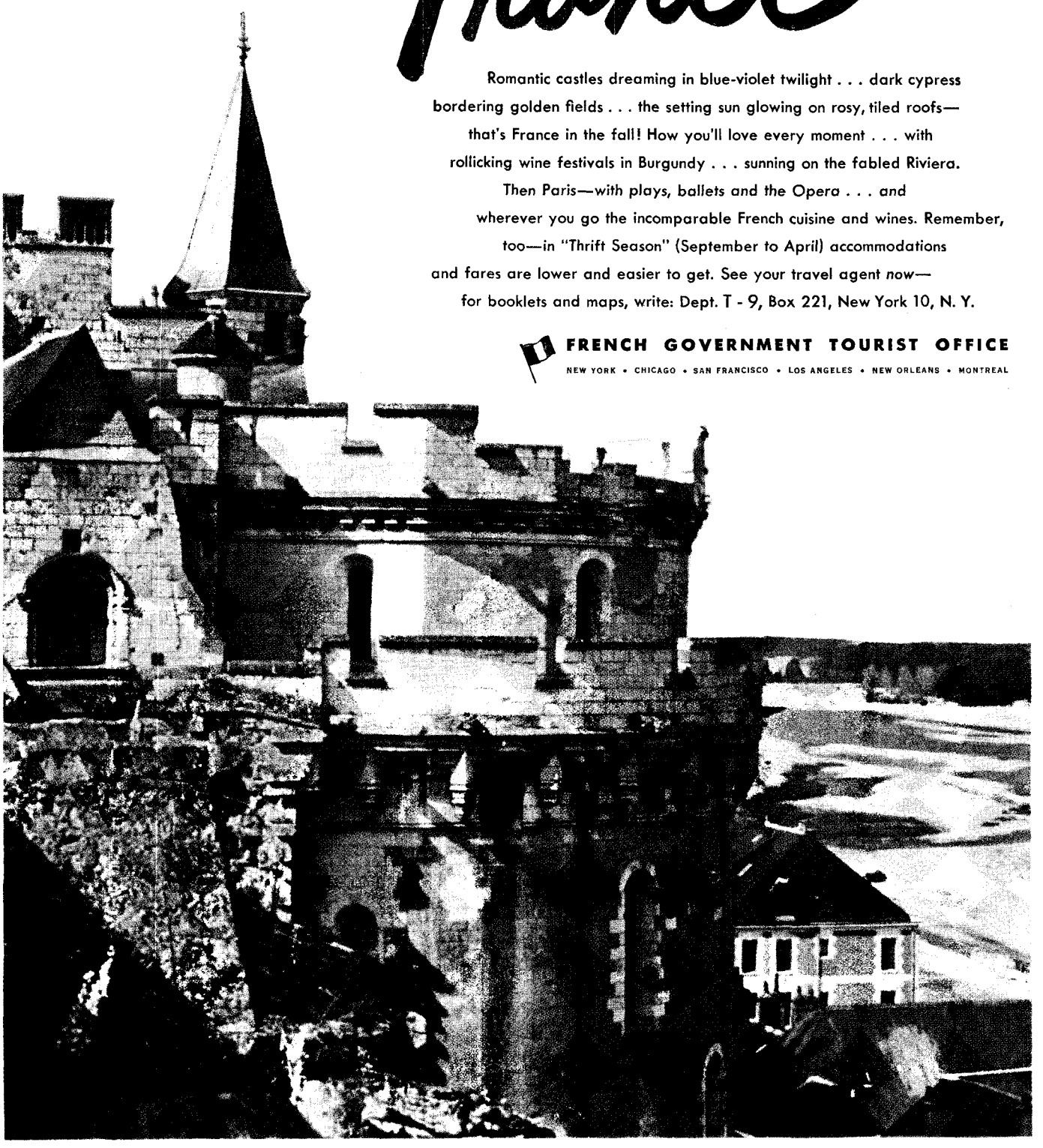

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